

The Influence of English Thought on the French Mind. By M. Yves Guyot.

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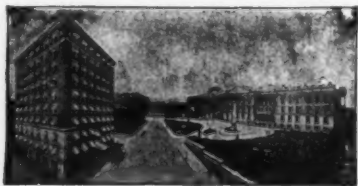
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 To do his work awhile; swab down the decks,  
 Clean the big guns, and hose the cable through;  
 You'll find enough in one day's job to vex  
 Your ornamental soul and body too.  
 He has points that any landsman in creation  
 Might be proud of; order, muscle, pluck, and grit;  
 Whether home or on some reeking foreign station  
 He can splice and sing, keep watch (and smoke a bit);  
 He will spot a liner miles away, and tell  
 Her tonnage, long before you know she's there,  
 And he's none the worse because when all goes well  
 He gives himself the pleasure of a swear.  
 Facing the wind and spume on some far ocean  
 With shaggy, sheltering eyebrows, shining eyes,  
 He owns to no superfluous emotion  
 But squares his shoulders as the wet decks rise,  
 Stands to the gale, and feels the engines beat  
 Their confident pulsations down below,  
 Sees the signal "Full Ahead" pass down the fleet,  
 Leaves the reckoning to those who run the show.  
 Up the tideway, through the morning splendors  
 Comes the great gray warship, home at last;  
 Ropes are hauled to the busy, powerful tenders—  
 Round she swings, till the iron dock-gates are passed. . . .

Trains are full, the smiling porters fagged—  
 Jack's off home with lots of cash to spend;  
 Well, when all the grumbling tongues have wagged  
 Jack, old chap, we're proud of you, no end!

*Wilfrid L. Randell.*

*The Spectator.*

## THE FIRE-BEARER.

Ye who bear fire within your breast,  
 Look not for rest.  
 Early your clamoring heart shall learn  
 Only to burn,  
 To ask nor other food  
 Than his own fire,  
 Nor better brotherhood  
 Than his sublime, unquenchable desire.  
 Ask not what end, if asking give  
 Less joy to live,  
 Or if, to ask, you long must wait  
 Beside some gate  
 Where the glib answerers dwell:  
 Your heart of fire  
 Hath his own lore to tell  
 Of his sublime, unquenchable desire!  
 The mute, unkindled multitude,  
 The rough, the rude,  
 Let them your living rapture know,  
 And share the glow—  
 The undreaming give their dream!  
 Fire answering fire,  
 Fulfilment sweet shall seem  
 Of your sublime, unquenchable desire!

*Arthur Upson.*

*The Pall Mall Magazine.*

## A SONG.

Going up the hill, I found it long  
 Until I met a merry Song  
 That kiss'd mine eyes to blind me.  
 It mock'd at me, and turn'd and fled,  
 But played on, fluttering overhead,  
 Till I forgot I went footsore,  
 And the dusty hill that rose before  
 Was the blue hill far behind me!

*Herbert Trench.*

*The Nation.*



## THE INFLUENCE OF ENGLISH THOUGHT ON THE FRENCH MIND.\*

### I.

#### A RESULT OF THE REVOCATION OF THE EDICT OF NANTES.

Charles VIII.'s wars in Italy had brought to France the Renaissance, which, from the end of the fifteenth century to the middle of the seventeenth, governed the French intellect. The French theatres were influenced by Spanish dramatic art.

However paradoxical may appear the following assertion: The intellectual dealings between France and England were developed at the end of the seventeenth century and up till 1815, during periods of war,—it is nevertheless an expression of facts easy to verify.

From the Hundred Years' War, ended in 1453, up to the War of the League of Augsburg, in 1688, France and England had maintained pacific relations, even going so far, from time to time, as to make alliances. And yet, during those two hundred and thirty-five years, the intellectual intercourse between France and England was practically nil. We know, thanks to letters written in French, such as Bacon's letters to the Marquis of Effiat, Hobbes' to Gassendi, that Englishmen of distinction knew French; but Frenchmen, with the exception of a few merchants, for whose benefit a few grammars were brought out in the seventeenth century, were ignorant of English. In 1665, the *Journal des Savants* could not give an account of the proceedings of the Royal Society of London, through lack of a contributor knowing English; and Le Clerc wrote:

\* The Alliance Franco-Britannique asked me to deliver a lecture. I chose for subject: Intellectual intercourse between France and England. This article is not a reproduction of the lecture, which I delivered *vera voce* and did not write. I have added a certain number

"The English have many good works, it is a pity that the authors of that country should only write in their own tongue."

Nevertheless, Bacon's *Essays* had been translated as early as 1611, as also Hobbes' works, a few fictional works, Godwin's *Man in the Moon*, John Wilkins' *Discourse on a New World*, Sydney's *Arcadia*. But with the exception of La Fontaine, no writer appeared to pay any attention to these translations.

Saint Evremond, who took shelter in London, in 1661, after his sarcastic letter to Crequy concerning the Peace of the Pyrenees, informed the French of the existence of an English theatre and an English literature, but that was all.

The intellectual intercourse between France and England increased at the very time when the two countries were separated by political dissension, and indeed such political dissension has some part in bringing about closer intellectual intercourse. In 1685 Louis XIV. revoked the Edict of Nantes, forbidding the Protestants to leave a kingdom in which they were no longer allowed to live. The result was the exodus of a crowd of persons of energetic character and strong convictions. The number of those who took refuge in England is estimated at between seventy and eighty thousand. They were well received there, some found official situations, as, for instance, Justel, who became librarian to the King. In 1700 Parliament granted them, as a body, the naturalization which they had already acquired so

of facts, and have modified certain parts. On June 20th, Mr. Churton Collins, professor in the University of Birmingham, delivered at London the counterpart of my lecture; he spoke on "The Influence of French Thought on the English Mind."

far as moral and intellectual standing were concerned.<sup>1</sup>

Those refugees were anxious to win their native land to the ideas which they had found in the land of exile. It was their revenge. Either directly or through Holland they published French translations of the works of Locke, Addison, of Pope's poems, Daniel Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe*, Swift's *Gulliver's Travels*, Steel's writings (1711-1714). Armand de la Chapelle managed the "*Bibliothèque Anglaise*" during ten years, and therein he published extracts and summaries of English productions; he contributed during twenty-five years to the *Bibliothèque raisonnée des Savants de l'Europe* also. Le Clerc disdained literature, but in the *Bibliothèque Universelle* he gave extracts and *résumés* of scientific, political, theological, and historical works. Basnage de Beauva<sup>u</sup> carried on until 1718 the "*Nouvelles de la République des Lettres*" founded by Bayle at Amsterdam in 1684. De la Roche published "*Les mémoires littéraires de la Grande Bretagne*" from 1720 to 1724.

The Abbé Prévost, author of the celebrated novel *Manon Lescaut*, was a polygraphist who, after various adventures, settled in 1728 in London, where he remained several years, and he multiplied translations from English into French; in his *Mémoires d'un Homme de qualité* "he strove to make known a country which is not as much appreciated as it should be by the other European nations, because it is not sufficiently known to them. . . . There is no country where one finds so much straightforwardness, so much humane feeling, such just standards of honor, wisdom, and happiness as among the English." He praises the political virtue of the English, "who have known how to preserve their

freedom against all attempts at tyranny."

From 1733 to 1740 Prévost published a paper, *Le Pour et le Contre*, in which he tried, not to make an apology of the English nation, but "to make known, as historian, all interesting peculiarities concerning their genius, the curiosities of London, and the special features of their island, the daily progress they make in sciences and art." Desmaizeau<sup>2</sup> made known in England Bayle, Boileau, Saint Evremond; he used to translate from English to French, and he also wrote in English. He brought out the unpublished works of Clarke, Newton, and Collins, and acted as intermediary between all the illustrious men of England and of the Continent.

Rapin de Thoyras, who followed the Prince of Orange from Holland to England, and who afterwards became tutor to Lord Portland's sons, published a *History of England* in eight volumes. It showed the other nations in what manner the English had acquired those institutions which ensured their freedom and strength.

The Bernese, Bêat de Mural, published in 1725 *Les Lettres sur les Français et les Anglais*, which had been written in 1694 and 1695 and were already in circulation. He praised the English, saying: "Among the English there are persons who think more strongly and who have those strong thoughts in greater number than intellectual men of other nations."

## II.

### VOLTAIRE AND THE PHILOSOPHICAL LETTERS.

Professor J. Churton Collins<sup>3</sup> has indicated May 30th, 1786, for one of the most important events of the intellectual history of the eighteenth century, the landing of Voltaire at Greenwich.

<sup>2</sup> "Voltaire, Montesquieu, and Rousseau in England."

<sup>1</sup> Weiss: "Histoire des Réfugiés protestants de France." Rathery: "Des relations sociales et intellectuelles entre la France et l'Angleterre." Joseph Texte: "J. J. Rousseau et le cosmopolitisme littéraire."

He was then aged thirty-two, and had already brought out *Œdipe* and some other tragedies, had published his epic poem *La Henriade*, had composed numerous light poems greatly admired in drawing-rooms. He had been expelled from France because, having been insulted by a certain Chevalier de Nohan-Chabot, and having claimed reparation, his insulter had obtained his imprisonment at the Bastille—a sentence which, owing to favor, was changed to one of exile. His stay in England lasted two years and eight months. With his great activity and keen intellectual curiosity, thanks to Lord Bolingbroke, whom he had known in France, and to the merchant Kalgeneer, he initiated himself into the science, literature and institutions of England, and he summarized his impressions in twenty-four letters, entitled *Philosophical Letters*. Thus, not only was French literature enriched by a true masterpiece of composition, but Frenchmen were shown, in a summary of two hundred pages, the works of Bacon, Locke, Newton, Shakespeare, Milton, and Pope. In his essay on epic poems, first printed in English, he calls *The Paradise Lost* the noblest work ever attempted by human imagination.

It is often said that Voltaire somewhere called Shakespeare "a drunken Barbarian," but it is too often forgotten that Voltaire revealed Shakespeare to France and to Europe. This is how he expresses his first impression:—

"I saw Shakespeare's *Cæsar* acted, and from the first scene, when I heard the tribune reproach the people of Rome for their ingratitude towards Pompey and their attachment to Cæsar, Pompey's conqueror, I began to feel interested, and to be touched, and I felt that the play was taking a hold on me. There is much that is natural; the ridiculous note is exaggerated, but not tedious. Some sublime

features shine forth from time to time."

He presented Shakespeare as "a genius full of strength and fecundity." When he recognizes that he owes to Shakespeare: Brutus, taken from the *Death of Cæsar*; Zaire, from *Othello*; two scenes of *Mahomet* from *Macbeth*; the spectres of Eliphile and of Semiramis from *Hamlet*, he is rendering an unquestioned homage to Shakespeare, for he seeks inspiration from him.

In a letter to Helvetius, written long after his stay in England, Voltaire said: "We have gained from the English their sinking-funds, the building and working of vessels, power of attraction, differential-calculus, the seven primary colors, inoculation, we shall insensibly take their noble freedom of thought and their profound disdain for all scholastic twaddle."

Lord Byron was not exaggerating when he said: "There is not another writer to whom the authors of England owe so much for the spread of their fame in France, and, through France, in Europe. There is not another critic who spent more time, intelligence, ingenious thought, and studiousness to hasten the literary communication between country and country by celebrating in one tongue the triumph of another."

### III.

#### THE PRINCIPLE OF AUTHORITY IN FRANCE

To realize the benefit which France has derived from the introduction of English ideas into our country, we must remember what was her condition at that time. Bossuet had formulated the theory of divine right which kings have over their peoples. Louis XIV. had said: *L'Etat c'est moi*, and had proclaimed that "all which was in France was his property." Church dogmatism had thrust itself into every form of human activity. People did not observe anything for themselves; they

bowed to the authority of varied and contradictory masters; but whoever happened to have an opinion of his own was declared to be heretical, and was not merely and effectively condemned as such, deprived of all position and sent to work in the galleys, or at the very least shut up in prison, but also morally disgraced. The Faculty of Paris declared that "no fact can hold good in opposition to two words from Aristotle." As Renaudot had ventured to make a few critical remarks concerning Hippocrates, Guy Patin wished to see him "in a prison van accompanied by the executioner." The young doctor must swear his acceptance of Galien's theories, and Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood was considered a heresy.

Corneille humbly stated his readiness to condemn the *Cid* if it were found to sin "against Aristotle's great and sovereign maxims." La Fontaine subjected the apologue to Quintilian; Boileau, the rules of the *Art Poétique* to Horatius; Racine was a scholar possessed by a ridiculous fear of receiving cane-stripes from his masters Sophocles and Euripides, who had good reasons for not bothering about him.

#### IV.

##### CONTRASTS.

Great was the contrast in England! There everything was examined, everything was freely discussed. Harvey was able to discover the laws of the circulation of blood. The stoics of old and the doctors of the Church taught man to ignore his needs. Bacon taught man the means of satisfying those needs by the experimental method. "One only triumphs over nature by submitting to her laws," and Newton had brought to light the laws of attraction when we were yet lost in Descartes' whirlwinds.

Voltaire contrasted the imaginative authors, Descartes, Malebranche, "who

had made the novel of the soul," with Locke, "who made the history of the soul."

England's great influence was felt everywhere so far as the diffusion of scientific ideas, the introduction of a methodical spirit of observation in our intellectual habits were concerned. When, in imitation of Chambers' *Cyclopædia*, d'Alembert and Diderot undertook the *Encyclopédie*, they allowed themselves to be inspired by Bacon, "that extraordinary genius who, unable to write the history of that which was known, wrote the history of that which was to be learned."

Swift and Daniel Defoe had carried to its furthest limit the care for utmost truth of expression. Gulliver and Robinson Crusoe relate all they have seen with such sincerity that the reader sees everything they describe and believes all they say. Voltaire asserts that Addison's style is "an excellent model in all countries." It is thus he defines his own: "Only say what is necessary, and in the necessary manner." The scientific methods learnt in England were greatly responsible for the formation of the firm, precise, simple, and concise style which characterized the eighteenth century up to the time when Rousseau's influence prevailed.

In France the great mass of the people who labored to supply the needs of the King, the nobility, and the clergy were looked upon with contempt. Voltaire wrote a whole letter on Trade "honored in England," and in order the better to emphasize the contrast, he dedicated his tragedy of *Zaïre* to Falkener, a merchant, who had received him with hospitality and who became English Ambassador at the Ottoman Porte. He said to him (1733), "I am delighted to be able to tell my nation how greatly England esteems a profession which makes for the greatness of the State; and with what superior qualities some of you represent

their country at parliament and are in the ranks of legislators."

Later David Hume and Adam Smith frequented the Physiocrats in France. The David Hume essays concerning *Jealousy of Trade and Interest* are well known. In the interchange of ideas which took place, it is certain that Quesnay and Adam Smith influenced one another. Economic science was the result of collaboration between French and English.

Voltaire also points out the different manner in which scholars and literary men are treated in France and in England. Newton, Director at the Mint, was buried at Westminster. Steele and Wanbruck were simultaneously comic authors and members of Parliament. "Dr. Tillotson's primacy, M. de Prior's embassy, Mr. Newton's office, Mr. Addison's ministry are only the ordinary outcome of the consideration which great men enjoy among you."

The two actresses Bracegirdle and Oldfield were buried with great pomp, while in France Adrienne Lecouvreur was secretly interred by the river side.

The Baconian spirit had penetrated even to political conceptions. When Hobbes elaborated his theory of absolutism, he did not invoke divine right. He founded the theory on a conception of mankind. Locke made the theory of the Revolution of 1688 of the limitation of kings' powers. In England people talk politics; they have opinions and they publish them. Two parties, the Whigs and the Tories, quarrel for the reins of power, but in France the question of coexisting and competing parties was not even broached. The old idea of "one faith, one king," still held sway, and whoever resisted was considered to be an enemy.

Voltaire thus describes the character of the English government:<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup> Voltaire, "Lettres philosophiques." Lettre VIII.

"The English nation is the only one on earth which has managed to limit the powers of kings by resisting them. The civil wars of France were more cruel, longer, and more fruitful in crimes than those of England; but of all civil wars not one had freedom for its object." And he uttered this significant sentence: "The English people is not only jealous of its liberty, it is also jealous of the liberty of others." For this reason "the English," says he, "were relentless against Louis XIV."

Voltaire analyzed the English system of government; he showed how the noblemen were subject to taxes, how there was no high, middle, and lower justice. Elsewhere he speaks of the jury, the right every citizen has to have a counsel to defend him. "It is a very great and very happy prerogative, superior to so many nations, to be sure when you go to bed that you will awake next day with the same fortune as you enjoyed the previous day; that you will not be dragged from your wife's arms, separated from your children in the middle of the night, to be taken to some dungeon or some desert."

Seven months after Voltaire's departure, at the end of October, 1729, Montesquieu came to England in Lord Chesterfield's yacht, and remained there for about two years. When he left he wrote the *Grandeur et décadence des Romains* and the *Esprit des lois*. In the celebrated chapter on "The Constitution of England" he completed the theory of the separation of Powers, already formulated by Locke, Bolingbroke, and Hume. Under the double influence of Hobbes and Locke, Rousseau wrote his *Contrat social*, and from Locke he borrowed the two conceptions of a contract and of the sovereignty of the people. All the men who prepared the French Revolution were inspired by English thought and English history. Mirabeau and Brissot stayed in England for some time. J. L. de

Loimes's classical book on *The Constitution of England*, first published for the French in 1771, taught the Continental nations that "individual liberty consists: 1st, in the right of property; 2nd, in the right of personal security; 3rd, in the right of free circulation." Those are the principles which will form the indestructible basis of the *Declaration des Droits de l'Homme* in 1789, and when Burke comes forward with another declaration he is merely claiming the same rights slightly altered in form.<sup>4</sup>

From England the French gathered the idea of freedom in researches, through Bacon and Newton's examples; freedom in literature and drama through the essayists, humorists, and Shakespeare; freedom in political institutions from the examples of English institutions and through the publications explaining their origins and methods.

## V.

SENTIMENTAL EPOQUE AND  
ROMANTICISM.

In 1751 the Abbé Prévost translated Richardson's *Clarissa Harlowe*, which had been published in 1748. The novel awoke an enthusiasm of which Diderot has given some description in his *Eloge de Richardson*. "Thou shalt occupy," says he, "the same shelf as Moses, Homer, Euripides, and Sophocles." Richardson thus became a modern Homer.

His novel *Clarissa Harlowe* covers a space of eight months and fills eight volumes. It is a series of letters, going into all sorts of details, light impressions, relations of ceremonies, and pictures so trivial that the Abbé Prévost, author of *Manon Lescaut*, dared not offer them to the French readers. It is a social microscope. On that solid background is embroidered a tissue of unrealities. Richardson's style

is emphatic and full of metaphors such as "the foaming waves of envy." Grandison says: "Sweet humanity; charming sensibility; check not the kindly gush! Dew-drops of heaven (wiping away my tears, and kissing the handkerchief), dew-drops of heaven from a mind like that heaven, mild and gracious!"

Had Rousseau not read Richardson he would never have imagined *La nouvelle Héloïse* which appeared in 1756. It is a similar method. Julie also undertakes small household duties; in the French book also we have sermons, dissertations more eloquent and oratorical certainly, but there also we find an affectation of sensibility which stains with ridicule the entire literature of the end of the eighteenth century. Lawrence Sterne, who remained in Paris during the Seven Years' War, still further developed the meaningless trepidations of sensibility and plastered affectation. Young's *Nights* were also much read, and, for a few years, Ossian was believed in, admirably presented, indeed, by Macpherson in such manner as to respond to the mood of those days.

Diderot made the theory of middle-class tragedy. He wrote the *Père de Famille* and strove to imitate Richardson in *La Religieuse* and Sterne in *Jacques le fataliste*.

After the French Revolution the reaction continued against the reasoning and demonstrating literature over which England had exercised such great influence during the first part of the century which had just closed. But the man who was at the head of that movement had lived in England from May 21st, 1793, to May 8th, 1800, earning his living by translating from English into French. This was Chateaubriand, who returned to France steeped in the poetry of Shakespeare, Milton, and Ossian. "A long continued habit of speaking, writing, and

<sup>4</sup>"Reflections on the French Revolution," 1790, edit. H. Froude, p. 64.



even thinking in English," says he, "had marked its influence on the tone and expression of my thought. I was English in manners, tastes, and even, up to a certain extent, in my thoughts." Dominated, however, by his conception of the part to be played by the Church, he sought to accommodate the writings of Shakespeare, Pope, and Dryden with Catholicism. He imitated Milton in *Les Martyrs*. He blamed Byron for having sought inspiration from René, but the whole romantic school is inspired by Byron. Lamartine "dressed him up in French style," according to Stendhal when writing *Le dernier Chant de Childe Harold*.

Literature now becomes subjective. Lamartine, Alfred de Vigny, Alfred de Musset, Victor Hugo, each present their "ego" to the readers. That "ego" tries to be original, but all those "egos" are suffering from the same disease of pessimism. Even the joyful Alexandre Dumas, senior, tried to affect a sentimentally sad attitude, copied from *Lara*, *Le Corsaire*, *Manfred*.

During that period of the nineteenth century, we remark the same activity as during the corresponding period of the eighteenth century to import English literature to France. Amédée Pichot founded the *Bibliothèque Britannique* towards 1820.

From 1814 to 1832 Walter Scott taught familiar and living history to all our historians, Augustin Thierry, de Barante, Michelet, Quinet. Augustin Thierry wrote: "My admiration for the great writer increased as I contrasted in my studies his prodigious intelligence of the past with the petty and dull learning of modern historians, even the most celebrated. It was with transports of enthusiasm that I welcomed the appearance of this masterpiece, *Ivanhoe*."

At the Salon of 1831 Henri Heine counted no less than thirty pictures

representing episodes of the novels of Walter Scott. Alfred de Vigny borrowed *Cinq Mars* from him, Merimée borrowed the *Chronique de Charles IX.*, Victor Hugo *Notre Dame de Paris*, Balzac *les Chouans*, and, as for Alexandre Dumas, he drew all his theatrical pieces and novels therefrom.

In 1769 Duclis had tried to make a tragedy of *Hamlet*, correcting "the barbarous irregularities"; in 1784 he attempted a similar treatment of *Macbeth*, "taking away the impression of horror." In 1792 he put *Othello* on the boards, but he turned the Moorish man into a yellow man, replaced the pillow by a dagger, and took care to announce that the traitor would be punished. He wanted, in fact, to make Shakespeare virtuous and sensitive.

Népomucène Lemercler ventured to violate unity of place in *Christopher Columbus*, and when the spectators saw the play carried from Spain to the New World, they protested against the journey.

Shakespeare's great influence dates from 1827, when Kemble and Miss Smithson came to Paris to play, in English, *Hamlet*, *Romeo*, *The Merchant of Venice* and *Othello*. Alexandre Dumas saw dramatic and stirring situations in the plays; Musset sought inspiration therein for his fantastic comedies; Victor Hugo admired the metaphors; the mixture of tragic and grotesque, and he wrote the *Préface de Cromwell*. Nevertheless, in this play he observed unity of time and almost of place.

Shakespeare had taken legendary personages or had borrowed them from chronicles. He did not form them purposely for the construction of the play. The play itself results from the characters of the men and the events on which their characters work, as also from the reaction of those events on the men. Hence those very human accents, full of reality, which his per-

sonages give vent to. While believing that he was seeking inspiration from Shakespeare, Victor Hugo was in reality proceeding differently. In *Ruy Blas* he said that he wished to depict "the Spanish monarchy one hundred and forty years ago"; in *Lucrèce Borgia* that he wished to depict "mother's love" incarnate in a "moral monster"; in *Marie Tudor* "a queen who should be a woman, great as a queen, true as a woman," &c.

In spite of his pretensions he does not make the grotesque start from the sublime or the sublime from the grotesque. He merely juxtaposes them. He distributes his scenes, here a sublime one, there a grotesque one.

All the French romantics retain the tragic method of the seventeenth century: Racine and Victor Hugo bring on the scene automatons manufactured by them to repeat verses and deliver speeches.

The influence of the English novel, with its intense degree of perception and of setting forth the scenes of daily life, was very great. Thackeray, Bulwer Lytton, and Dickens have had, among our French novelists, imitators who went even so far as to falsify. Alphonse Daudet only knew Dickens in translations. Nevertheless, in *le Petit Chose*, in *Jack* we find methods which are borrowed from the English novelist, and also the description of the fog in the first chapter of *Nabab* and the receipt-boy's ballad in *Fromont Jeune et Risler aîné*. George Eliot with the *Mill on the Floss* and *Silas Marner* taught us how to paint peasants and the real members of the lower middle class.

## VI.

### PHILOSOPHIC AND SOCIAL INFLUENCE.

French philosophy had stopped at Condillac when, in 1811, M. Royer Collard was appointed Professor of Phi-

losophy. Taine<sup>5</sup> relates that he was much embarrassed when he discovered at one of the second-hand bookstalls on the quays the translation of an unknown book called *Researches on Human Understanding according to Common-sense Principles*, by Doctor Thomas Reid. He paid thirty sous for it, and, says Taine, "he had then just bought and founded the new French philosophy." Cousin and Jouffroy carried it on with Dugald Stewart.

John Stuart Mill's *Logic* (1843), sufficiently deductive not to alter too considerably our French habits, replaced the *logic of Port Royal*. Although differing on many points from Auguste Comte, the founder of positivism, he allowed him a pension which enabled him to live and continue his labors.

The formula "The greatest happiness for the greatest number" is due to the French philosopher Helvetius. It was carried to England by Priestley. Bentham related the impression it caused him when he discovered it.<sup>6</sup> He follows the English tradition, which consists in seeking the useful rather than losing one's self in speculative conception. Thanks to his collaborator, the Genevese Etienne Dumont, he published his works in French at the same time as in English. He sent to the National Assembly of 1789 projects concerning the taxes, tribunals, prisons, colonies, &c. Although he wished to subject the actions of public powers to his formula he was individualist, for he put on the first plane of a legislator's duties that of ensuring safety of property. All the measures proposed by Bentham had a deep influence on the French publicists.<sup>7</sup> John Stuart Mill differed from Bentham on certain subjects, but his book *On Liberty* (1859) and his other book, *Considerations on Representative Government* (1861), had,

<sup>5</sup> "Les philosophes classiques," p. 22.

<sup>6</sup> "Deontologie."

<sup>7</sup> Voir Charles Comte, "Traité de Législation," 2nd edition, 1835.

at the end of the Empire, the greatest possible effect on French youth. However, forty years after, we do not yet admit, in practice, his assertion that an organized opposition in presence of power is the indispensable element of progress.

Adam Smith's book, *An Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations*, appeared in 1776. J. B. Say spread it in 1804, by means of his *Traité d'Economie politique*, adding certain views, and he developed its teaching in his class on political economy at the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers. Charles Comte and Charles Dunoyer also sought inspiration from the English economist. The habits of mind of Englishmen and Frenchmen being what they are, it is a Frenchman who should have applied the deductive method to Economical Science, as was done by Ricardo. And yet it was never accepted by the French even in the small dose prescribed by John Stuart Mill in his *Principles of Political Economy*. When Bastiat translated *Cobden et la Ligue* he brought the economical studies under the influence of the Manchester School, and it is objective. The French economists have studied the English economists, and know English facts, whereas the socialists of the chair and the democratic socialists refer to the Germans.

The History of England has continued to be studied as a political manual useful for Frenchmen. Guizot sought in his *Histoire de la Révolution d'Angleterre* "the causes which gave to the English monarchy the firm success which France and Europe still pursue." He was unable to attain it.

Gibbon had written the history of *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* under Voltaire's influence, but in his turn he put forth a book which served as a model for all the historians of the nineteenth century. Hume, Robertson, Hallam, Macaulay, Buckle,

Freeman, the works of Mr. Flint on the philosophy of history, and the works of Mr. James Bryce have been studied by all men who believe that history is a composition and not a mere unconnected string of facts.

Carlyle, with his vehement style, his discoveries, his bias, and his obscurity, had his imitators in France. Michelet belongs to the same family, Taine felt his imprint, and all the Caesarians invoke his authority.

The English have produced detailed monographs of their famous men, corresponding to the manner in which Sainte-Beuve practised criticism; he studies the childhood, family, education, occupations, means of existence, dietary, manias, fads, faults and qualities of each man he writes about. He everywhere shows mistrust for the methodic system.

From a purely scientific point of view the English did not exert a lesser influence in the nineteenth century than in the eighteenth. They transformed our methods in natural science.

In France we were still at the theatrical conception of the *Revolutions of the Globe*, brought forth by Cuvier, when Charles Lyell came to substitute (1830-33) the true and definite theory of "actual causes." The Frenchman Lamarck and Geoffroy Sainte Hilaire had foreseen evolution; but when in 1858 Darwin showed the part played by selection and struggle for life he brought about a complete transformation in biology.

Herbert Spencer tried to explain the Universe systematically, and to show the conditions of evolution. By a series of deductions, always resting on inductions, he followed up the development of human activity under all its phases, moral, artistic, and political. The greater number of his works were translated into French, and in spite of the philosophy, cloudy, oratorical, and subtle, which the University continued

to teach, they certainly made their mark on French thought.

It is very fortunate; for Herbert Spencer recalled to the French thinkers, sons of Plato, that words must not be taken for things. The constant appeal to facts is the first condition of all scientific research, and it implies a second: loyalty. English men of science do not try to astonish by sophism, they have truth for their object, and after giving to the world the experimental method, they oblige everyone to practise it scrupulously.

Hence it is easy to recognize in France the authors, professors, political writers, and scholars who have felt English influence. Their works are characterized by a sincerity and probity which do not appear in the others.

## VII.

### CONCLUSIONS.

As conclusions, I would say that the intellectual influence of England on France has been exercised in the following forms:—

1. The chief one is liberty; England has freed French thought, French science from the "authority" argument; Shakespeare freed our theatre from the Aristotelian rules; Locke and English institutions taught the rest of the world the true conditions of political liberty.

2. The second form, which is a consequence of the first, is the scientific form. It is Bacon against Plato, Newton against Descartes, Lyell against Cuvier. The movement was continued by Darwin and Herbert Spencer. It

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was strengthened also by Adam Smith. It is the inductive method opposed to intuitive conception. It is reality opposed to the assertions and subtleties which we inherited from the Greek sophists.

3. From a literary point of view, its character is similar. Swift and Daniel Defoe gave to their inventions the reality of legal reports. Walter Scott made history familiar by making his heroes eat, drink, and sleep. Richardson, Fielding, Thackeray, Dickens and George Eliot taught us to see and relate little facts of everyday life.

4. From a political point of view, England has rendered a distinct service to the world, which it is only just beginning to realize in all its bearing.

In ancient republics, and more especially in absolute governments, parties were considered as factions; the party which had seized the reins of power was bound to crush and destroy the others. England has shown a system established on co-existence and free competition of the different parties; a system which has sheltered that nation from revolutions for more than two centuries, and however badly may be adapted the Parliamentary government to the various countries who have borrowed it, it has put an end, in most of them, to conspiracies, *pronunciamientos*, and revolutions.

In short, the intellectual influence of the English over the French taught the latter to subordinate his subjective conceptions to objective method, and to learn the character and utility of the competition in politics, in economics and in biology.

*Yves Guyot.*

## GAPING GHYLL.

Above the placid valley of Craven, in the uttermost corner of Yorkshire, stand the three mountain-masses of Ingleborough, Penyghent, and Whernside. Ingleborough holds the central position, and, thanks to his isolation, achieved long ago the reputation of being the highest point in England. From Whernside, on the one hand, and from Penyghent on the other, Ingleborough is cut off by two deep valleys, which form his basis into a vast rough triangle, of which one line is made by the infant Ribble, flowing beneath Penyghent, and the other by the Greta, perpetually disappearing underground, like Arethusa, as it makes its way down towards Ingletton. The third side of the triangle, and the broadest, is the lowland of Craven itself, along which gently goes the Wenning in search of the Lune.

On this great triangle, as on a pedestal, stands the mass of Ingleborough, built, like his two neighbors, of shale and grit, with one narrow belt of mountain limestone appearing about a hundred feet from the summit in an abrupt cliff, on which grow the rare plants for which the hill is celebrated. But the statue, like Flaubert's Salamambo, is too small for its plinth; splendid as are the proportions of Ingleborough, the pavement of limestone spreads out far and wide beneath the last steep slopes of the gritstone giant himself, so that on surmounting the lower fells one finds oneself on a perfectly flat even floor of white boulders stretching away to the foot of the mountain. And it is in this white pavement that are found all the famous watersinks that feed the streams far below, in the unknown caverns through which they run. For in his magnificent solitude Ingleborough gathers all the clouds of heaven, and their rains streaming down his slopes

have so fretted away the limestone of the levels that, here and there, the waters disappear into some secret chink or narrow terrible shaft between the rocks. It is practically certain that all these chasms ultimately have connection with the caves from which the rivers of Craven issue into the valleys far below at the cliff's foot; but there now seems little hope that any practicable passage will ever be effected, or that, as was once hoped, the pot-holes and the caves will all be found part of one enormous system of caverns ramifying throughout the heart of Ingleborough. So far as has been yet discovered, each watersink conveys only its own stream, and never joins it with that from any other hole. Rift Pot alone has been connected with Long Kin East, a modest little winding crack in the white limestone, a yard across or less, that drops nearly four hundred feet to the abyss beneath. Round Long Kin East are gathered a little knot of immature pot-holes, twenty to thirty feet in depth or so, and filled with fern and lily-of-the-valley, where the silence of the hills is only broken by the sluggish drip of water, draining away to unsuspected depths. These open shafts, however, with their water-fluted walls of limestone, and their clear pools below, are mere *bruta fulmina*, beguiling obviousnesses in the labyrinth of death-traps. For it is the unsuspected, meek-looking cavities that hide real danger. A tiny opening, an apparent rabbit-hole, will drop a stone, echoing dimly, three hundred feet or more; and Rift Pot itself, obviously an hour's work for its explorers, and only four dozen yards or so in depth, gave full occupation for a day and a night, and carried the seekers four hundred feet down, in drop after drop.

With such deadly dimples the smil-

ing face of the upper limestone is studded all over the base of Ingleborough, from the mild open holes above Weathercote, right round the western, southern, and eastern faces of the mountain, to the grim and aptly named Hellin Pot, close above Selside. But the deepest and the most awful of the water-holes is Gaping Ghyll. The Chasm comes upon one by surprise, and, unlike the others, does not disguise its horror. Following the stream from its source high up on the eastern face of Ingleborough, its meanderings lead one at last to the lower sedge-clad levels of the moor, and there, after disappearing several times beneath its limestone bed, in the manner of the mountain streams, it ends abruptly in a deep, basin-shaped depression. On three sides falls a steep bank of heather and moss; on the fourth, far down under the converging slopes, the stream disappears over a smooth white lip of rock into an open rounded well of darkness, up which floats a faint wraith of spume. The shaft itself is dank and wet; a dull light shines from the rock, and strange livid lichens grow in lines and patches as far down as the last rays of daylight will permit. Above, on the upper ledges, delicate ferns and wood anemone balance in the ascending reek of the pot-hole; and higher still, where the smooth slope above breaks sheer off in the precipice, hang the last tufts of heather and sedge and hawkweed that offer so delusive a handhold to any unwary victim of the bank. And yet, horrible as the place is, deadly and evil beyond expression, it has absolutely no record of tragedy, and this, too, though red-tape and manorial complications have always forbidden it to be railed in, and left it an open peril in the moor. Further, Gaping Ghyll, for all its terrors, has no legend, no ghost, no supernatural reputation in the country-side. About two miles

away, in the narrow valley beneath the fells, the great Ingleborough Cave opens into the Ingleborough Woods, and from a subsidiary mouth flows that stream which, after feeding the lake above Ingleborough House, drops in a series of waterfalls towards the Craven lowlands, where it becomes the Wenning, and ultimately joins the Lune at Wennington on its way down to Lancaster and the sea. And this stream which emerges from the cave under the cliff is, beyond doubt, the same that plunges into Gaping Ghyll on the moor five hundred feet and more above, and about two miles away.

It was thus known, long since, that of all the pot-holes, Gaping Ghyll was the one that held out the finest prospects of a big cave-system, and even of some practicable passage out into the daylight once more. The first descent of the great Ghyll was made by M. Edmond Martel, the French spelæologist, who, with practised intrepidity, went down alone into the darkness, and after several hours returned with the news of an enormous hall beneath the main shaft. He, however, found no outlet from this hall and it was left for the Yorkshire Ramblers in subsequent descents to discover passages leading from either end of it towards farther halls and corridors and abysses.

When I first gazed upon the frail-looking little rope-ladder that swayed and wobbled away out of sight beneath my feet, I was not disposed to flatter myself on my prudence in having persuaded the Ramblers to let me accompany them on their latest exploration in the depth of Gaping Ghyll. And when, from that vacillating Grig o' Dread, a Rambler emerged once more into the upper air, wearied and wet, I found it necessary to take my determination into both hands and squeeze it vigorously back into firm-



ness. In point of fact, one cannot possibly be afraid, for there is nothing on earth to be afraid of. For not only has one the rope-ladder to grip, but also a stalwart life-line, attached to one's middle, with half a dozen equally stalwart Ramblers holding it firm on the bank above, lowering it step by step as you descend, and hauling with a will as you come up. Thus it will be obvious that, even in the most timid, there is no room for any sort of fear. For, unless all your pullers were simultaneously stricken with apoplexy, nothing could conceivably go wrong with you as long as you keep your head and your hold. And yet, though one is in no sense afraid, there is an awe and a ghostly horror about that *Avernus* which sinks deep into one's bones, while one lingers shivering on the brink, not yet wishing to launch away and go down out of the blessed daylight. To save me fatigue the Ramblers started me from the lowest ledge of all; and thus, despite my protests, I was able—if I had chosen—to look down and see clearly to what I had committed myself. However, I tried to see and think as little as possible, and so stood with my feet on the ladder, awaiting the signal. The stream, dried with spring droughts, had been dammed off above with a bank of grass and stones, and this added a whimsical touch to the situation. For my latest novel had concluded with the destruction of most of my characters in just such another pot-hole, by the rupture of just such another dam, while the heroine contemplated the situation with complacency. I could not but feel with what a poetic justice some similar fate might befall me in my turn, and, as I began the descent, almost expected to see the well-known phantom of Lady Gundred Darnley among the spectators on the bank above.

At last the signal came, and blindly

I began to lower my feet from rung to rung of the ladder. Of course the process was easy and pleasant. Expected difficulties generally are. So down I went, and down, and the daylight began to glimmer ghostly overhead, with wild pale reflections from the gleaming rocks of the chasm. Soon I had passed beneath the sphere of the last lichens, and only bare grey stone, glossy with cold moisture, shone around me while I descended as mechanically and rhythmically as possible. For, if you keep step with the lowering movements of the life-line, your descent is rapid and easy as the descent to *Avernus* has every traditional right to be. Unfortunately, however, the depths of the shaft is far too great to admit of a single rope-ladder serving the whole length. Therefore many have to be spliced together, and, where these splices occur, the thickened twisted ropes are hard to seize for hands that are rapidly becoming numbed with the deadly cold. And so one gets out of step, and the earliest anguishes begin. At this point it is that I make my first discovery. I cannot blow the whistle. Nothing but feeble splutter results, like the pipe of a bird with a quinsy. And on the whistle hangs all my happiness. For the holders of the rope have a code of signals by which they regulate their movements. One shrill with the whistle stands for "Stop"; two for "Haul up"; three for "Lower." Now, if you cannot whistle you have no way of communicating your wishes to them, and when you want them to lower they cut your body pitiously in two by hauling up, till your feet are pulled off the ladder and float wildly in the dark; and when you want them to haul up or let you rest, they lower, until the slack of the rope is bellying away below you, and you know that for a few minutes at least your only hope of safety is to hold fast

to the ladder. And this becomes no easy task, for the cold soon becomes so agonizing that from the elbow downwards neither of your arms has any feeling whatever, and though you clutch, it is only automatically, without conviction or any real sensation of holding.

Suddenly, at this stage, the worst moment of all begins. Hitherto the ladder has been descending against the sheer rock, and thus has been firm and good for the feet to grip. But now the line of the shaft sags inwards, and the ladder hangs slack and independent for fifty feet or more, until the rock slopes outward again and supports it. And the instant that the rope-ladder is left free it develops vagaries. Before you know where you are, or have any idea beyond the passionate wish that you weren't there, the ladder begins to gyrate, and suddenly swings round altogether. In the paralyzing unpleasantness of that moment one has to bend all one's will to remember that nothing can possibly go wrong so long as one clings to that delusive ladder,—which, as a matter of fact, has, of course, not swung completely round, being too securely fastened, though its manœuvres are quite as disconcerting as if it had. Now it flops and staggers as you go, and the going becomes an agony. To and fro it swings you, lurching this way and that, and at the same time falling sheer beneath you, except when your tread forces it outwards at some horrible angle. The secret of negotiating these bad passages is, I am told, to hold on with the right hand to the right rope of the ladder, and to pass the left arm completely round the ladder till you grasp the right-hand rope with both hands. For the closer you keep your body to the ladder the less it sways. These are wise counsels; but unfortunately the ladder is just too wide for the crook of my arm to slide over its rungs with any ease, and how

can any one execute manual manœuvres on a jumping rope with hands that have long lost any power of sensation? And yet, though my mind does not know it, my hands are gripping the rope with a mechanical frenzy that soon, combined with the cold, threatens to produce writer's cramp or some analogous complaint. And still I descend with a sort of automatic passion, the light waning as I go, and the grey, wet darkness gathering thicker every moment. A sound of many waters is in my ears. Luckily, in all stresses of effort, the mind seems to hypnotize the body, and then to go off on a holiday, while the body continues blindly doing what the mind commanded before it departed. So, as I go, dully clinging, dully descending, without stop or conscious action, my mind, confident in the body's ability to grip a rope and find a rung, is roaming strange fields, and accompanying old blind *Œdipus* down that *καταρράκτης ὁδὸς* in *Kolonos*. Was it more *καταρράκτης* than this? Poor *Œdipus*! No wonder he lingered till that ghostly voice called him to hasten. Suddenly I awake to the knowledge of human propinquity. Voices strike through the roar of water. I have arrived at the ledge.

For half-way, about a hundred and ninety feet down Gaping Ghyll, there exists the one amenity of the pot-hole, a broad triangular ledge of smooth water-worn limestone, on which, so broad it looks to my imagination, excited by the sight of level ground, one might almost give a dance. And here two Ramblers are waiting to help me from the rope, and offer me a rest. Indeed one needs helping from the ladder, for both my hands are absolutely paralyzed by now, and incapable of force or feeling. How I held on for the last fifty feet will always be my wonder. It shows yet again what one can do when one must. So I crawl

on to the ledge and lie down under the shelf, on one side of it, to be safe from any stones that may fall. And now I know that my *(Epidus-preoccupied* mind has really been at home and noticing all the time. For that last fifty feet I have been descending the shaft with my back to the wall and my face turned outwards to the column of darkness down which I was going, and every detail is clear to me as I remember,—the rounded well, the grey glistening rocks, and the spume of water that fills all the air and rises for ever like a faint cloud. And above everything, across the fluctuating, steaming darkness down between my feet, the white whirling apparition of the waterfall. For out of an unsuspected opening in the wall comes roaring a great mass of water, the main body of the stream from up above, which, instead of descending as originally over the lip of the Ghyll itself, now has wormed its way among some big boulders at the pot's mouth, and rejoins the main shaft about half-way down by a side-passage.

The Ramblers, I find, seem to think I have done enough, and should now be content to go tamely up again. As if one had braved such toils in order to leave the job half done and the glory unattained! They represent to me the formidableness of the undertaking, and tell me that if I go down the whole way I shall probably be unable to come up again; to which I answer that when the only alternative is staying at the bottom of Gaping Ghyll for the rest of my natural life, they may rely on my getting up again somehow by hook or by crook. There are very few things one cannot do if necessity offers no other choice. And believing that one can always do what one has to do, I have a strong tendency to burn my boats and so make achievement certain. Accordingly, af-

ter ten minutes on the ledge, I creep back on to the ladder again and continue my descent through the cataclysmal noise of the waterfall.

But the last part of the descent is far better than the first. Though the cataract yells in your ear, and though the spray of it leaves you without a dry rag, yet the ladder is so hung that the volume of water does not harass you as you descend, and for about fifty feet of the hundred and fifty you have still to go the ropes hang firm and fixed on the face of the rock, so that one leaps down swiftly and surely, hand over hand. They gave me whisky, too, on the ledge, and sensation accordingly has flowed painfully back into my limbs. So I go cheerfully onwards, not heeding the difficulty which I have every moment in dragging my soaked sleeve over the projecting left rung of the ladder. And then suddenly there is nothing in front of me but blind, black night, only made more dense by the pale light of the shaft above. The rock has ceased utterly, and now the rope is falling sheer through the roof of the Great Hall at the bottom of Gaping Ghyll. As one goes the sense of its awful vastness leans heavier and heavier on one's consciousness. Every step makes one more infinitesimal in the enormous primeval gloom of the cavern. The strands of the rope dwindle, it seems, to a frail thread, and one feels like a spider spinning dizzily down from the Dome of St. Paul's. And the descent is incredibly long. Very far away overhead now hangs the blackness of the roof, and very far away below one can dimly discern the gleaming rocks of the floor. Thus one goes, and the rope, contrary to my expectations, has so proper a sense of the scene's solemnity that it gyrates and jumps no longer, but continues soberly and straightly on its sheer way. Then at last it seems that the rocks made a

sudden leap upwards, and you are standing on solid earth again, nearly four hundred feet beneath the moor.

The Great Hall at the foot of Gaping Ghyll must be the original dwelling of Aiolos. For all the winds are at home here, and a hundred conflicting eager draughts welcome one to the Underworld. And a dim, awful world it is. Feet and yards give no impression, even when numbered by hundreds. But this cave is terrifyingly vast,—so high and so broad and so long. The eye loses itself in the distance of darkness after darkness. Almost in the middle, pale and ghastly, falls the daylight, in one round blotch of greyness. And through the daylight, in an avalanche, falls the crashing whiteness of the waterfall, which, long before it touches earth, breaks like the Staubach into a never-resting cloud of spume, drifting down in slow writhes or breaking in little bombs of snowy smoke. Its end is in a small pool, into which you can scarcely see it merge; only across the brown surface of the water sweeps for ever a whipping, shifting sheet of spray, perpetually varying from shape to shape, lashing the tormented shallows with the semblance of a hundred hurrying ghosts. And then, impregnable high against the white cataract and the grey sky above, looms, ominously hard and sharp and black, the broken line of the roof, from which the ladder hangs, a tiny reminder of one's own minuteness, leading up and up and up, unbelievably straight and far, towards the ledge. The cave itself is so vast that even across the pool one man looks to another like a pismire, and, as he wanders back towards the glooms, almost shrinks from sight altogether. Only under the shaft itself is there light. The rest is velvety blackness. The wall of the cave, though, as it skirts the waterfall, has small projecting buttresses that take the pale dusk, and

by it are turned into phantoms. Of less than human height they are, but vaguely human in shape, those blurs of greyness. Sometimes they stand linked, as it were, arm in arm, and here and there alone—peering out suspiciously from the dark upon the invaders of their immemorial territory. Under the spray of the fall, too, gleam shining pebbles in the bed of the pool, and round it, where the spume washes them. The stream, however, is heard no more of, but sinks through the stones into unguessed profundities, so that the rest of the cave is dry and solid. As one roams round its enormous area one comes upon a great sand-bank, flat and hard and even; but for the main part the floor is of rounded shingle or broken rock.

At the northern end, or that which leads up towards Ingleborough, the cavern narrows, and then is suddenly closed by a steep, high bank of *débris*. Climbing this, one comes upon a needle's eye between two cliffs, and so, straddling perilously out, with either foot on a precipice and nothing below, sees, far beneath, and stretching out indefinitely beyond, another cavern, floored with broken boulders. Magnesium wire shows darkness beyond darkness, and possibility behind possibility. But this passage, they say, is sterile, so we return towards the southern extremity of the Great Hall, whence lead on the corridors by which the Ramblers still hope that they may establish a connection between Gaping Ghyll and the Ingleborough Cave below,—of whose system Gaping Ghyll has undoubtedly been a part at one time, and whose water, it is known, is still received from Gaping Ghyll.

Crossing the enormous length of the main chamber again, we come to the southern end. Here, too, a towering rampart of broken, unstable boulders leads us upwards towards the outlet. No wonder that Martel never sus-

pected these exits, thus masked by hopeless-looking slopes of hubbly. All here is dry and warm. It is many thousand years, in every probability, since water last flowed in these caverns. A couple of bleached planks half-way up the bank shows the high-water mark of the heaviest floods, but into the passages themselves there is no doubt that water never flows now. At last we delicately surmount the last toppling boulder and look back at the main chamber stretching far away below us, and away into the indefinite distance. I can only compare the sight to some midnight view of a vast cathedral wrecked and pillaged, with pale moonbeams falling through a great rent in the dome. And then we turn to the passage. For a few yards it is a case of wriggling, of playing sandwich between a million-ton slab of rock above and the floor of the world beneath. So, at last we writhe ourselves clear, and are standing in a long shallow corridor, triangular in shape, with the broadest side of the triangle sloping overhead in a slanting roof. Candles are fixed in our hats, and shoot vain, vulgar, little reddish darts against the invulnerable darkness. And all around us, now that the sleety whistle of the waterfall is left behind, broods an infinite silence.

As we go, bending and doubling, suddenly the stalactites gleam into sight. They are almost startling in their abrupt, vivid beauty. For they are of the purest white, like molten wax, pouring down everywhere in sheets, in billows, in curtains, in tapestries, in countless thousands of inverted snowy spires and steeples. Along each wall they crowd in dense clusters, in stately velvet hangings, in grotesque bossy convolutions. Here and there from some rift in the roof falls a fold of drapery, pure and glistening, as it were the trailing robe of an angel let carelessly down through

a crack in the floor of heaven just above. Here, again, a great mass forming from above has met a great mass rising from below, and an ivory column has resulted. Or down some slope of the rock a frozen cataract of white comes pouring in a race of arrested ripples and eddies. Everywhere whiteness undefiled, a ghostly, warm, transparent whiteness,—except, indeed, where one great mass of a hundred hanging pinnacles is banded and streaked and flushed with crimson, as if the sad heart of the world had broken, and the blood from its veins trickled down into the fabric of the stone. They range from every size, these growths, from huge buttresses and pillars to tiny thread-like pipes, frail and diaphanous, which sometimes reach four feet and more in length. And everywhere they are gathered, big and little, in every nook of the wall, and from every crack of the roof, along whose lines they make a delicate tracery. Gothic and elaborate and fanciful, like the diapered daintiness of some old forgotten chapel. They take strange shapes, too, these white children of the darkness,—far different from the soiled regularity of their poor smoke-grimed cousins in the Ingleborough Cave. Here they are a-bristle with thorny excrescences, weirdly bowed and bent, mopping and mowing this way and that; or, as they hang in folds of drapery, perfectly transparent, their edges are elaborately scalloped, with a drop of clear water lodged in each rounded notch, held close by the furred edge of the forming stone,—until the whole effect is of some broidered trimming, toothed along its hem, and jewelled with diamond between the denticulations. As you touch them the hanging needles ring and sing; the old, great, ponderous pinnacles give a deep and bell-like note; the younger, daintier points have a light joyousness of tone, as their music breaks out

across the black silence. And if you hold the light behind them you see all the lovely radiance of their flesh,—the warm flush, the veins, the suffusing rose of their translucent substance. It is hard to believe that they are not alive,—that they do not hold their Sabbaths down here at midnight in the everlasting dark.

And so past city after city, past hanging after hanging, our corridor convoys us onward, now arched and lofty, now low and tortuous. Underneath our feet are stretches of damp cave-mud or pebbles, and then, at last, great broken boulders, so long fallen that, though now they are dry, their surfaces are marbled and warted with an aged growth of stalagmite. Then, between two mighty blocks, the way brings us out upon an embankment of earth, and beyond—nothing. Even in the impenetrable night we can hear mysteriously that we are in some enormous holy place. Very far away, from moment to moment, falls a drip of water, echoing and echoing along immeasurable depths. Then a flare of magnesium stabs the blind void, and for an instant we see, and, seeing, know how much more we have to guess. We are, as it were, in the gallery of a huge cathedral, the mud-rampart serving for our protecting ledge. Below that, in slope after slope of mud, the ground drops sheer away so deep that no light can pierce it. On either hand rise shadowy cliffs of darkness, frescoed here and there with white crusts of stalactite. And high above all, unseen but divined, the shadowy weight of the vault hangs over us. But this huge hall, with its shaft of unplumbed obscurity falling away beneath our feet, is but the chancel to more terrific transepts. For far beyond, where the titanic walls end abruptly in the blackness, our flashes of magnesium show us another and a vaster cavern still stretching out at

right angles, on either hand, to distances unguessed. In the vacillating glow the remote vacancies waver and fade into night again. No one speaks; and we hear at last the Great Silence—that crushing, fulminating silence which has been since the beginning of time, that must last to the unimaginable end. For nothing has ever been here since the Waters died away. No living creature, man nor ancestor of man, nor even the wriggling things of the primal ooze, can ever have pierced this stronghold of quiet. Bedded in the walls lie the sea-shells that lived while the world was building, but since their day nothing alive has ever had any share in this temple of wonder and terror. In such a place one cannot speak. There is no room for the voice of man. And so, with the silence pressing heavily on our heels, we turn and make our way back again towards the Hall.

It had been my ambition to achieve the whole exploration with the explorers. But they were evidently determined to have none of it, and represented to me that the passages would lead them on for two difficult hours to the subterranean pot-hole, which, so far, is the end of the Gaping Ghyll cave-system, and that once there it would be very many hours before they could hope to return, by which time they evidently concluded that I should be *hors de combat*. Therefore, having seen, like Balkis, such wondrous things that there was little more spirit in me, I yielded to their pleadings, and concluded that I would not make myself a nuisance by any insistence. As it was, when I arrived at the base of the ladder and looked up that awful sheer ascent, only a few feet less than that of the Roman Catholic Cathedral's tower by Ashley Gardens, I must admit I quailed before that rigid prospect. However, there was no use in quailing, and as I had



no choice but to climb, I set to work. And the pullers above pulled with so excellent a will that I sailed up through that enormous dome again with unexpected ease, my only anguishes occurring when the thickening of the spliced ropes caused me to grope for hold, and thus lose step. When this happened the hearty pullers jerked my feet from the ladder, and I spun agonizing in the inane until I could scramble up a rung or two with my hands, and so get straight with my helpers again. As before, though, it was the last slack bit of the ladder above the ledge that made my purgatory. By the time I reached it my hands and my feet were so tired that they could but plod mechanically upward with occasional halts, especially as I was carrying over my shoulder nearly four hundred feet of loose guide-line that had been left below by mistake, and now had to be taken up to the top. However, at last the blessed daylight began to grow clear, and, far sooner than I had ever dared to hope, I landed in the upper world once more, wet to the skin, as cold as a bone, bountifully scraped and bruised all over, weary in wrist and

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ankle, and with a large hole burned in the top of my head by the premature and unexpected guttering of the candle in my hat. And yet, now that all was said and done, glorious with triumph, and prepared, if need be, to achieve it again; for had I not stood where few have stood, and where fewer still will ever stand again? As for the explorers below, they made their perilous way onwards, I heard later, through crevice and cranny, up cliff and down abyss, carrying more ropes and ladders, together with provisions, until at last they reached the anticipated beginning of their real work. And there, a mile or more from the base of Gaping Ghyll and about four hundred feet beneath the moor, they found that subterranean pot-hole, dropping another hundred and fifty feet towards the centre of the earth. And in its depths lay a gulf of quiet water that no plummet could sound, though a fifty-foot lead was used. Nor could any movement or outlet be anywhere discerned. So there, in that pit of dead black water, immovable for ever in the depths of the earth, ends, so far as we yet know, the great cavern under Gaping Ghyll.

*Reginald Farrer.*

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## THE POWER OF THE KEYS.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

#### AT THE HEART OF THE EMPIRE.

It was an autumn Sunday in a Sussex village, and the church bells were ringing for evening service. The Squire's wife, descending the steps of the Hall terrace, and striking into a path that led by a side-gate to the church, was arguing rather nervously with one of the two men who followed her. It was obviously desirable for her husband and herself to go to church a second time, if only to set a good

example, but it was quite unnecessary for her brother to feel bound to do so. Mrs. Leighton was a woman with a conscience, which she was conscientiously determined not to impose on any one else. She admired her brother enormously, without in the least understanding him, and she was firmly convinced that he made a practice of ridiculing all she held dear. It was gratifying that he should have driven up in his motor-car the night before, and announced that he had come for a quiet Sunday, yet Mrs. Leighton could

not but detect irony when, in response to her sisterly inquiries, he confessed himself "sick of London—dead sick of politics—despairing of the republic." Such despondency, in a man who had placed himself, by means of a union of business capacity with the knack of finding the right literary instruments, at the head of the most powerful newspaper combination in the country, would be reprehensible even if it were genuine. Lawrence Irby had been hard hit, as his sister knew, by the untoward results of the General Election which had brought Mr. Cholmeley-Smith's friends into power, but the events which had followed it gave him an unparalleled opportunity for saying "I told you so"—such a chance as Mrs. Leighton herself would have embraced with unchastened joy. Of course this shameful business about India was very trying—but what a splendid opening it afforded for attacking the Government! It was not as if Lawrence knew any one particular out there—in that case she could have sympathized heartily with him, as she did with her Vicar, who had not known for months whether his only sister was alive or dead.

"My dear Edith," Irby remonstrated at last, "have you any objection to my going to evening service if I wish it? I like your little church, I like your stolid people, and I like your Vicar. He believes in England still."

"What funny things you say, Lawrence!" Mrs. Leighton's tone suggested that her brother evidently cherished doubts as to the solid earth beneath his feet. "I suppose you are thinking of the sermon this morning. Now I quite meant to speak to Mrs. Weston about the way the Vicar drags public events into his sermons. I don't consider it reverent."

Irby looked at her with the humorous glance which always made her set him down regretfully as a scoffer. "Let

him off this time, Edith. I daresay he has enough to bear without your disapproval. Any man who cares for his country is down on his luck just now. Why, this is quite picturesque—a sort of feast of lanterns! I didn't know you had so many people about."

"Oh, they come from the farms in the Downs, little places which you don't see until you are just above them, and you need a lantern to find your way along the sheep-tracks through the gorse. You couldn't explore our parish in a motor. The people know that the Vicar has had news from India at last, you see, and that's why they have all come out to-night. I don't quite know whether— But still, I will say for Mr. Weston that when a family emigrates, or one of our boys goes for a soldier or a sailor, he keeps up with them all over the world, so it's only fair that their relations should show sympathy with him. I always say that if only more of his children had been sons, he would have emigrated himself, but what are you to do with seven girls on the prairie?"

The last words were spoken in a whisper as they entered the church porch, and a rapid movement of Mrs. Leighton's head showed Irby the family in question, occupying the pew under the pulpit, and ranging from a self-possessed young lady in nurse's uniform to a child of eight. Their father, a gray-haired man with bright dark eyes, had attracted the visitor's attention by the singular impression he conveyed of smouldering fires under a calm exterior. This was a man of wide interests—so Irby judged,—a man who had once indulged also in wide hopes, but who had learnt to tame Pegasus to the service of a flock of quiet Sussex people buried among the Downs. "The first parson I ever heard read the State Prayers as though he meant them!" had been Irby's mental comment in the morning, and now

something within him thrilled in sympathy with the tones of Mr. Weston's voice as he read the prayer recently put forth by authority—and bearing the marks of its modern origin in every bald sentence—for “our brethren and sisters in the East,” and announced that “After this service, in consequence of the late news from India, a meeting for prayer will be held in the school-room.”

“Of course you won't come, Lawrence,” said Mrs. Leighton anxiously, when they were outside the church again. “I must go, just to show sympathy, but you and Robert can go home and begin supper. Two of the Vicarage girls will walk back with me, I am sure.”

“But I want to hear the late news from India,” was the reply, spoken, so Mrs. Leighton felt assured, ironically, and as her usually silent husband roused himself to protest that he didn't see why he shouldn't show sympathy too, the party from the Hall entered the village school together. The Vicar's wife, who had played the harmonium in church, was now with her daughters, the two youngest of whom were obviously almost crowded off their bench. The Squire, beckoning to them, made room for them on either side of him, and they informed him in ecstatic whispers that father had said they might stay up till nine to-night, to hear about Aunt Eleanor.

Presently the Vicar came forward to the schoolmistress's desk, and heads were craned eagerly forward from the back benches as he unfolded a sheet of thin paper—the same that Arbuthnot had handed to Janie in Mrs. Thorpe's drawing-room at Ranjitgarh. For many Saturdays, he said, his people had seen him bicycling into the town in the hope of finding an Indian letter, and had condoled with him when he returned without any, but here at last was one from his sister herself, not

from the lady who had sent them news of her before. It had been brought down from Bala, at the risk of his life, by a British scout, whose commanding officer had written to explain why it was addressed to no one in particular and contained nothing of a personal character. They had often heard extracts from his sister's letters describing her missionary work, this one would tell them how the work had been brought to a standstill.

“*My dear Friends,*” Eleanor wrote:—

“We have had such a terrible disappointment to-day that now, when there is at last a chance of sending a letter I can hardly write. All through the rains the Scythian doctor has told us of British defeats, and the evacuation of one place after another, but we did not believe him. I assured the people that reinforcements must be landing even then, and would push up-country as soon as the cool weather came, and every morning the children ran to the roof to watch for British helmets coming up the road. But to-day we hear that it is quite true, and that even Agpur is gone.”—“She didn't yet know the worst,” interpolated the Vicar.—“You all feel the disgrace and shame of it, I know you do; but you can't tell what it is to us here. It is as if the world was suddenly turned upside down. The loss of prestige is bad enough, but what one feels most is the loss of the faith the natives had in us. In the hospital just now a woman, who must have been hearing the nurses talk, called me to her and whispered, ‘Miss Sahib, is it true that the Sarkar is put to flight before the Scythians?’ I said I was afraid so, and she told me that her husband, who once served in our army, had been holding out against his neighbors since the Scythians came, refusing to work for the soldiers or pay his respects to the General, and that the neighbors

were very angry with him, saying that it gave the village a bad name. 'And now he will have to give in?' I said. She gave me such a look. 'He has eaten the Sarkar's salt, Miss Sahib. One night he will be found stabbed outside his own door.'

"It is real agony to think of the people who depended on us, and whom we have not been able to save. When Dr. Weaver's hospital in Sheonath was burnt on the night of the invasion, the mob killed not only the assistants and dressers, who were trying to save the patients, but even the patients themselves—their own people, not even Christians. Of the fate of our poor converts, scattered at the distant stations, and some of our missionaries who had not come in to the King's Birthday festivities, one can't write. The tales which reach us sound like the accounts of persecutions under the Roman Emperors. I suppose some people will say that missionaries and converts know their risks and take them voluntarily. But I think even they would pity the Europeans who have been prisoners since May, and are now in the common jail at Sheonath—for greater safety, so we hear. We imagine they must be kept as hostages, for the Rajah has given orders that they are to be taken up into the mountains if a British force approaches Bala. They are nearly all civilians and ladies, captured by treachery, and besides all the insults inflicted on them, think what it must be for the men to see all their work for this country undone. Some of them have spent years here, improving the army, reforming the revenue system, introducing sanitary measures, and now the old corrupt officials have returned to power, the soldiers plunder everywhere because their pay is in arrears, and villages are depopulated because the people are taking to the mountains to escape forced labor.

"Dear friends, won't you help us? I know you will pray—we should be ten times more miserable if we did not feel sure you were praying for us—but is there nothing else you can do? I hear you cannot send troops to India because you may have to repe! an invasion. Is England sunk so low that she can't protect her own people and help her friends at the same time? Our people have their own explanation of our inaction. One of the children said to me this afternoon, 'Miss Sahib, when did Lat Bilyan Sahib die?' 'He isn't dead, Jinda,' I said. 'Oh, yes, Miss Sahib. When the old hunter brought us that deer this morning, I was by the gate when he laid it down outside, and I heard the porter ask him why he bore signs of mourning. And he said he was sure that the Jang-i-Lat Bahadar, his old commander, Lat Bilyan Sahib, was dead, and the English were concealing it because they had no other generals, and they knew that men when they heard it would say all hope was gone.' 'Lord Williams is not dead, Jinda,' I told her; 'but I sometimes think that England is.'

"If England is not dead, then, won't you try to get Lord Williams sent out to us? What does it signify that no one has ever come out again at his age, if he can save India? You can't have the faintest idea how his name would rally the natives to us. And if you have no soldiers to spare, won't the Colonies help? I don't know how all the disasters have happened—it seems like a bad dream—but I do believe that Lord Williams could retrieve them. You will back him up at home, won't you? If he will sacrifice his rest, and come out again in his old age, you won't leave him unsupported? That would be a worse disgrace even—

"I must let this go. Pray for us."

Mrs. Leighton was agreeably sur-

prised by her brother's intent demeanor while the letter was being read, but she became uneasy again when, after the prayers that followed, she was obliged to remind him that it was time to rise from his knees. It was disappointing, too, that he would not remain to be introduced to the Vicar and his wife, which would really have shown sympathy, but strode out of the schoolroom with his eyes fixed—on nothing, so far as she could see—passing, without noticing their salutations, the little groups of people who were talking eagerly as they lighted their lanterns. At supper he answered her remarks at random, and as she complained afterwards, she "got no sense out of him" until he said suddenly, "Can you let me have breakfast at eight to-morrow, Edith? I suppose the Vicarage people would be awake after that?"

"Why, yes, of course. The Vicarage?" said his sister confusedly.

"Your Vicar has given me a lead. I want to borrow that letter," was all that he would say, and there, under strong compulsion from her husband, Mrs. Leighton was obliged to let the matter rest. Before nine the next morning the younger Weston girls, who were being instructed in physical drill by their eldest sister on the lawn at the side of the Vicarage, were thrilled with delight and excitement by the arrival of a motor-car at the gate. The eldest welcomed the visitor politely, and went to find her father, who was engaged with a parishioner, but the rest directed eyes of so much interest and longing at the car that the owner could do no less than offer to explain the working to them. In the course of the exposition they became sufficiently confidential to ask him whether he knew Aunt Eleanor, adding the information that Nelly was training as a nurse that she might be able to go and help her when "that Janie" got mar-

ried. Somewhat amused, Irby inquired who the lady thus stigmatized might be, and learned that she was an interloper whom Aunt Eleanor called "her child," to the prejudice of Nelly, her god-daughter. The younger sisters resented this hotly on Nelly's behalf, but anticipated for her an early restoration to her proper position, basing their hopes on the casual remark in one of Eleanor's letters, "I cannot hope to keep my dear Janie always with me."

"Nelly would rather have been a lady doctor, but father couldn't afford it, though Aunt Eleanor offered to help pay——" began the *enfant terrible* of the family, and stopped suddenly, confused by the glares and frowns of the rest, so that Mr. Weston's arrival at the moment was opportune. He shook hands cordially with the visitor and asked him into the house, sending his daughters back to their drill.

"You must excuse an early call," said Irby. "I came about the Indian letter you read last night."

"You are the third person who has called this morning about the same thing," said the Vicar with a smile.

"You are early birds here, I see. May I ask who my predecessors were?"

"The first was our sexton who brought me a sovereign from himself and his wife—taken out of the 'burial-money' they have been hoarding towards a grand funeral. It was to help to send out Lord Williams, and if more was needed, he would not say but another might be forthcoming from the same source. The second was Alfrey, one of the church-wardens, our principal farmer. He and a number of others had been discussing things as they walked home last night, in the light of ancestral memories of the invasion scare a hundred years ago. They are prepared to enrol themselves into a local defence corps, so as to set free

'the soldiers' for being sent abroad. Not like the present Volunteers, you know, but the old style—nothing much in the way of marching, but roughly drilled, taught to shoot, and knowing every inch of their own neighborhood. And if there is a call for more Yeomanry he will send his second son, and provide him a horse, and his pay—but not five shillings a-day, I need hardly tell you."

Irby had listened eagerly. "I didn't come to you to get a good omen," he said, "but I see this thing is going to run. For months I have been preaching in vain in all my papers, advocating heroic measures, root-and-branch reform, and all the rest of it. Everybody approved, and there it ended; nothing was done. When the mail came in on Saturday, and I read the detailed accounts of the evacuation of Ranjithgarh, I felt absolutely sick—nothing else will express it—at being so helpless. As I was getting into the car to run down here, a curious old fellow came by—a Conservative working-man, with whom I have often had edifying conversations. 'Are we down-hearted?' said he. 'Yes,' said I; 'badly.' He took his pipe out of his mouth: 'Mr. Irby, you've told us a lot what ought to be done, but you ain't once told us what to do,' and he lounged on. The distinction hadn't struck me before."

"Between a man's reach and his grasp?" asked the Vicar.

"Between transcendentalism and practical politics," answered Irby, with energy. "I am going to concentrate on getting Lord Williams sent out, and supported from home. It's quite probable that this will bring about other changes, but I shan't aim at them."

"No; we mustn't swap horses in crossing even this stream."

"True; but if your horse throws you, there's no law to prevent your mount-

ing another if you can catch him. Well, may I borrow that letter?"

"For publication?"

"Certainly. It ought to reach a larger audience than your schoolroom will hold."

The Vicar hesitated. He was thinking of his wife, who would be certain to object to "making Eleanor so absurdly important." "I should not like my sister's name—" he began.

"There will be no need to publish any names. In fact, it might bring your sister into trouble if we did, for there are plenty of complaints of the Scythians having gained information from the English press. I can guarantee the genuineness of the letter, and produce it if necessary. In fact, I may decide to facsimile it at once, but that will be decided when I get to town. You will let me have it?"

Five minutes later, Lawrence Irby was on his way back to London, with the letter in his breast-pocket. His chauffeur, noting his eager face and fixed glance, opined that his employer had "come on a good thing," but was surprised to receive the order to drive first to the office of the "Imperial Review," instead of that of "Man," the halfpenny daily which was the first and favorite creation of Irby's brain. But Borrell, the editor of the "Imperial," was also concerned—no outsider knew to what extent exactly—in the management of an Imperialist weekly and an old-established high-class—even aristocratic—daily, and since none of Irby's many publications chanced to run on these lines of activity, there was scope for co-operation on subjects of national importance. Mr. Borrell was discovered in a state of the deepest dejection, due to the perusal of his Indian mail, and it needed all his friend's determination to induce him to take any interest in the new scheme. But Irby was not endowed with what his admirers called



a "Napoleonic" personality for nothing, and before long Borrell was eagerly asking questions and making notes.

"We are to work together, then?" he asked.

"Absolutely simultaneously. If we can bring in the 'Thunderer' as well, so much the better. We want to touch as many people as we can, at once."

"The 'Thunderer'? Why?" Borrell had been glancing casually into a mirror that was suspended above and beside his desk at such an angle as to reflect the street below. "Hang the 'Thunderer'! Shall we let Critten in?"

"Like a shot, if you can get him."

"I saw him go into that tourist agency place opposite—sick of England, I suppose, and off to some 'cleaner, greener land.' But we'll find him something to do here."

"We will. This thing is going to run," said Irby again, as his friend touched a bell. A boy appeared.

"Bates, I want you to find a gentleman who went into the tourist office just now—dark pale man, spectacles, looks as if he knew a thing or two. My compliments, and can Mr. Critten spare me a few minutes—very important."

The boy's eyes gleamed. "Mr. Critten, sir? Yessir." He vanished.

"We are progressing," said Borrell. "Bates knows his name."

"If the office-boy of the 'Imperial' didn't know the name of the laureate of the Empire, who should?" asked Irby.

The lift was heard ascending, and presently the assiduous Bates, radiating importance from every pore, ushered in the desired visitor.

"Excuse a peremptory message," said Borrell. "You know Irby? We are a syndicate for saving India, with power to add to our number. We should like to add you."

"Understanding that India is one of

the little things you care about," said Irby.

"And the way to do it?" asked Mr. Critten. Borrell spread before him the notes of the previous conversation, and he glanced through them rapidly. "Williams to go out as Viceroy?" he said. "Good old Bills—maid-of-all-work to the Empire! Germaine as Commander-in-Chief, I suppose? But how in the world are you going to impel the nation in the way it should go without compromising the men you want to do the work?"

"We shall mention no names," said Irby; "but if the public can't fill up the blanks in Miss Weston's letter it will be denser than I think. After all, you see, we are only proposing to voice what the man in the street has been growling for months. From the first appearance of the Scythians one has heard the same thing in railway carriages and at street corners, 'Why don't they send out Bills? He'd do the job.'"

"Yes," assented Critten; "when the country once takes a man to its great heart, it doesn't let him go easily."

"One has always regarded it as simply out of the question," said Borrell, "but now one asks with Miss Weston, 'Why?' If Williams can go, and will go, why shouldn't he? At the worst he can do no harm, at the best he can help us to look the world in the face again. But if the general sentiment is to have any practical result, some one must make it articulate, and until a heaven-sent leader appears to ride the whirlwind and direct the storm, we must do our little best. Irby looks after the man in the street, I have the clubs——"

"Where do I come in?" demanded the poet.

"You touch the conscience of the Empire," said Borrell.

"Brain want stimulating?" inquired Irby. "Take my car and run amuck

down Fleet Street if you like. If the resulting emotions are satisfactory, the end will justify the means."

"Thanks. I rather think the brain is in an amiable mood to-day. But I suppose you both see that this rousing of the Empire isn't going to be done without clearing a good many worthy people out of the way?"

"We had a dim idea of it. It means Cooke at the War Office, for one thing."

Critten chuckled joyfully. "He said he would go there when he had the country behind him, and— Oh, may I be there to see that day's spring-cleaning? But armies don't spring out of the ground nowadays, even when Cooke stamps his foot, and we have played the fool a long, long time—too long. If Bills is to do anything, he must have proper backing. We can't afford to waste our sole remaining asset."

"There will be Colonial troops," said Irby, "and Cooke will rush things when once he gets to work. And—it's a bitter pill, but we shall have to make up our minds to bolt it—there is Xipangue."

"Hold India by the help of the Xipanguese!" cried Critten. "It can't be done. It's unthinkable. The Xipanguese would soon be holding India for themselves, and it would serve us right."

"It's got to be done," said Borrell. "We must get at the Scythian communications somehow, and how are we to wait until we can safely detach an army to do it ourselves?"

"Communications?" pondered the poet. "Ah, I see. Somewhere in the neighborhood of Rahat, you mean? But that could be done without bringing the Xipanguese upon Indian soil at all. That's the dodge, of course. If they land at Haidar Ghat—Iran must be squared first, naturally—and march up-country, they will cut the Scythian

line beautifully, and save our face. Save our empire, too, but that's one of the things over which we draw a decent veil. Perish self-respect, and let us get to business! You think we shall work things with the present House?"

"We calculate that it's just possible. The bye-elections have gone steadily against the Government, you know, and all their best men are pretty well disgusted. Then the one advantage of such a House as this is that it's specially amenable to popular pressure, which the country will supply fast enough when it's roused. There will be some resignations, I imagine, and probably a good many men will abstain from voting, but we shall do our best to keep the thing off the ordinary political lines. It is a national emergency, and I hope there's public spirit enough left in the country to support Bills and Cooke in clearing up the mess."

"And you think the Premier has backbone enough to adopt a national policy? He always does what his majority tells him, of course, but suppose the majority varies from day to day? How is he to know which is the side of the big battalions?"

"It's possible that he will be relieved from the necessity of deciding. Parliament meets on Thursday, which gives us three days for spade-work before Friday, when the Government will be asked if they propose to take any new measures with regard to the situation in India. Unless our success has been embarrassingly pronounced, they will say they don't, and after that I think the country will speak."

"You don't expect the other side to take office?"

"No good in this Parliament. Besides, Birmingham would not do it without a mandate for his policy. And we must have a strong man."

"And Forfar is a strong man gone wrong. Who, then?"

"Mentmore, I suppose. He would divide parties least, and the country keeps up a lingering belief in him."

"Yes, but he won't do it. If he had kept quiet hitherto it would be all right, but he has denounced the Government on this very matter of India, and when he once begins to talk, he ends in talk."

"I suppose you have some one in your mind?"

"Yes, I have—Mulliner." The two journalists looked aghast, and Critten continued energetically: "Talk about riding the whirlwind and directing the

storm—he has done it, and been worse rewarded for it than any man since Warren Hastings—or Frere. The country is yearning for the chance of putting him right, and here it is. Think of the sheer drama of it! Oh, go on preaching up Mentmore if you like, but in case he falls you, hint at time's revenges, and the strong quiet man in the background. Then, when he is sent for, the man in the street will realize that he wanted him all along. And now, if you could find me a table and something to write on——"

Sydney C. Grier.

(To be continued.)

## LUMINOUS OWLS AND THE "WILL O' THE WISP."

"If you haf learned pelief you haf learned somedings" is the pregnant remark with which Mr. Rudyard Kipling's German *savant*,—fresh from the mysteries of tropical forests, watching from his deck-chair a sea "like smoky oil, turning to fire under the ship's forefoot" and "whirled back into the dark in smears of dull flame,"—introduces the story of the great ape, "mit der half of a human soul in his body," who, for love of his master, murdered his master's bride.

No one, four or five hundred years ago, could justly have accused either traveller or stay-at-home naturalists of any want of readiness to believe. With a new world lately discovered, and fresh wonders brought home by each returning vessel, no wonder in the old world could be too strange to be true. It was a credulous age. The greater the marvel the more ready the acceptance. "Anthropophagi and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders," were no more startling than are New Guinea cannibals now.

Old faiths die hard. It is not so

very long ago that death-fires and Jack o'Lanterns, which,—

Hovering and blazing with delusive light,  
Misd led the amazed night wanderer  
from his way  
To bogs and mires—"

ghosts, banshees, and fairies were as much in the course of nature as rooks and rats. The arrival of "Wat," the ill-omened light, which in hanging days appeared in Aylesbury Gaol before each assize to show itself to prisoners destined for the gallows—"illis omnibus fatalis a quibus visitur"—was expected as much a matter of course as the coming of the judge on circuit.

Read in the fuller light of the twentieth century, there is something pathetic in the droll explanations put forward in all seriousness, when the spirit of questioning, which now reigns paramount, first awoke, and science in its infancy began its gropings for the why and wherefore of the marvels of nature. Falling stars, as explained in The Statistical Account of Scotland (vol. xix.), published in Edinburgh in

1797, are not, as had been suggested by another high authority, "the excrement blown from the nostrils of some rheumatic planet, falling upon plains and sheep pastures"; but neither more nor less than rotten potatoes.

"A night of hard frost," says the learned and rationalistic writer, "in which these matters called falling stars are seen, reduces the potato to the consistence of a jelly, or soft pulp, having no resemblance to a potato, except when parts of the skin of the potato adhere below undissolved. The pulp remains soft and fluid, when all things else in nature are consolidated by frost; for which reason it is greedily taken up by crows and other fowls, when no other sustenance is to be had, so that it is often found by man in the actual circumstance of having fallen from above, having its parts scattered and dispersed by the fall, according to the law of falling bodies."

The Will o' the Wisp, whatever that uncanny light may in reality have been, was, to the superstitious peasant, a disembodied spirit in pain.

"The Popish clergy," writes the author of "A Wonderful History of all the Storms, Hurricanes, Earthquakes, etc., and Lights that lead people out of their way in the Night," published in London in 1794,—evidently a staunch Protestant,—“persuaded the ignorant people that they were souls come out of purgatory all in flame to move the people to pray for their entire deliverance, by which they gulled them of much money to say Mass for them, every one thinking it might be the soul of his or her deceased relations.”

Times have changed now and, with them, habits of thought. The pendulum has swung back, perhaps a little too far, and science may be in danger of losing sight of interesting and possi-

bly valuable facts because observers of phenomena at all out of the common do not care to expose themselves to ridicule in the newspapers, and, if in such matters at all sensitive, prefer to keep their experiences to themselves.

More especially is this likely to happen when,—as with such marvels as "Jack o' Lanthorns" and "Corpse Candles" must almost necessarily be the case,—the vision has revealed itself after dinner.

The joke to which the hour lends a convenient handle,—like love "eternal and young in the endless succession of" jokers,—is not impossibly, largely responsible for our present ignorance on such matters as the "wandering fires," accepted in by-gone days as proved but unexplained facts, and since laughed away.

A notice in the *Times* of the appearance some time ago of two highly luminous night birds, almost certainly owls, and, judged by their flight and general habits, probably the common barn owl (*Strix Flammæ*), was followed by several communications of great interest in London papers and by columns of letters in the local press.

With a great deal of rubbish, enough has been written of real value to make it well worth while, before the correspondence is forgotten, to collect for record in a more permanent form some curious facts, vouched for by trustworthy and independent witnesses, writing from different quarters and supporting one another, which tend to show that luminosity in birds may not be so "unheard of" as has been generally supposed, and may not impossibly prove the true explanation of the mystery of the "Will o' the Wisp" which was for generations a puzzle to the learned.

Southey, writing in 1828 to a literary friend, calls attention to a story of a strange shining bird, told in a book of

South American travel, then lately published.<sup>1</sup>

"We were," says the writer, "thus enjoying ourselves when one of our party observed that the moon was rising rather early. Our position, however, in respect of her rising did not agree with the light we saw.

"We conjectured it must be a light proceeding from some distant cottage, for by reference to our watches we, moreover, found it wanted three or four hours of the time when the moon should be visible. Nevertheless, in figure and brightness, this appearance perfectly resembled her orb in the first quarter.

"In a few minutes the appearance vanished, and many and diverse were the opinions as to its cause. . . .

"It was now proposed that we should go and explore the quarter where this luminous object showed itself, when it suddenly changed its form from that of a crescent to a splendid crosslike shape, by a quick lateral movement with the rapidity of a meteor or shooting star. . . .

"The arrival of the Buenos Ayres postman from Galla, who came to light his cigar at our fire, induced us to question him, in the hope to obtain a solution of our difficulty.

"He informed us that the object of our wonder was nothing but a 'paca blanca,' or white bird, which appeared very often in the woods both of this and the neighboring provinces. . . .

"He furthermore added that in the course of his numerous journeyings he had often seen and disturbed it. . . . This explanation was the only reasonable one we could come to on the subject."

The story of the owls with which the correspondence began cannot be better told than in the notes written, at the request of the editor of the *Field*, by their first observer, Mr. R. W. Purdy, of Foulsham, a Norfolk land-

owner, and a recognized authority on matters relating to the birds and other wild creatures of his neighborhood.

"On the evening of Feb. 3, 1907," he writes, "returning from a long walk with my son, we crossed one of the shallow valleys that abound in this district. Reaching the higher ground, we noticed a moving light, apparently about a quarter of a mile to the north. On watching it, it moved up and down vertically with great rapidity upwards to a height of some 50ft. or 60ft. It did this a number of times. When at the highest point of its ascension it sometimes jumped up and down a little, then, when near the ground, it three or four times moved horizontally very quickly for about 100 yards, and then back. We watched it for about twenty minutes, during which time it made several ascents. It resembled a carriage lamp, for which we first mistook it, and was slightly reddish in the centre. The time when we first observed it was 7.10 P.M. It was a perfectly calm night, and rather mild.

"The cause of this light remained a mystery to us until the first of December, when, crossing the same valley, I saw what I supposed was the lamp of a motor bicycle rushing at a rapid rate along a road that ran parallel to the one I was walking on, about a quarter of a mile to the south. The light suddenly stopped, rose into the air above the trees, and retraced its course. This it continued to do, frequently rising some 20ft. to 40ft., and as rapidly descending. My groom's cottage being near, I called him and his wife out to see it. I then hastened to my house, about half a mile off. From the attic windows my son and myself and three servants watched the light for some minutes. My son and I then went out to the road near which the light was moving. Having reached a favorable position for observation, we watched the erratic course of the light. I called a very intelligent man from a cottage near by, and we all watched it; once we distinctly saw two moving lights. We then went across the field in its direction, but it moved away from us. We then got through a thick fence,

<sup>1</sup>Journey from Buenos Ayres through the provinces of Cordova, &c., &c., undertaken on behalf of the Chilean and Peruvian Mining Association in the years 1925-6, by Captain Andrews, late Commander H. M. S. *Windham*, (John Murray, 1927).

with a ditch of water on the other side; and, it being pitch dark, made some noise in doing so, when the light disappeared. About 10.30 the same evening I again took up a position as before, and after waiting about ten minutes the light emerged from a covert about 200 yards distant, and kept moving to and fro over the ground, sometimes approaching within 50 yards of where I was standing. It then alighted on the ploughed field, rose after a few seconds, and again alighted in the same field, about 100 yards off. Twice it passed across the field of my telescope, but the time was so short I could only discern what looked like a larger lamp. A slight mist hung over the ground.

"The next time I observed it was on the 22nd, about 7 P.M. I was near the house of the squire to whom the adjoining land belonged. (The "squire" referred to is Mr. Charles Hamond, of Twyford Hall, East Dereham, who has since read a paper on the subject before the Norfolk and Norwich Natural History Society.) I called at his house, and his wife and daughter came out with me and watched it. We had an excellent view of it moving along the valley, when something appeared to alarm it, and it rose rapidly to a height of 100ft. or more, and was lost to sight about half a mile to the west.

"On the 25th, 26th, and 28th it was seen by myself and several other persons whose veracity is undoubted, but it was on the 29th, when the doctor and his son joined me in a tour of inspection, that we were rewarded with the best display. The evening was dark, and as the bird issued from the covert its luminosity seemed to have considerably increased, lighting up the branches of the trees as it flew backwards and forwards, occasionally mounting over their tops. After watching it for more than half an hour it was joined by a companion, hardly so bright, which flew about 100 yards behind it. As they appeared one on each side of a copse it was one of the most curious and pretty sights we ever beheld. They finally disappeared in the trees surrounding a church, near which, I believe, is their diurnal abode.

"I had another opportunity of watching the birds on Jan. 7, at 8.30 P.M., with my wife, the squire's wife, and his son and daughter, and two friends. The display was quite as bright as on former occasions, the two birds hawking along the valley for twenty minutes, when they separated, one flying to the south, the other to the north, passing overhead some 60f. from the ground."

Mr. Purdy's story has been confirmed in all particulars by witnesses in almost every class of life; the birds, since he first saw them again in December, having been seen for several weeks—often by many people—almost every night; and, unless all evidence which may not accord with preconceived notions is to be dismissed, there can be no question of its truth.

The publication of the story in the *Times* was followed by a very interesting letter from "A Country Teacher," who, though preferring to retain his incognito, allowed his name and address to be given to the present writer. The tale he had to tell was that one evening in February, 1892, he had seen precisely the same thing in Shropshire; and was surprised, on mentioning it in his school next morning, to find that "several of the children knew of it, and said at once that it was a 'glim ul-lurt.'" On making enquiries he learnt from teachers in other parts of Shropshire that "their pupils knew both the term and the thing." He found the roosting place of the birds, which were barn owls, in a barn about a hundred yards from the school, and kept them for a considerable time under observation. The "beautiful gleam," as he calls it, appeared to come from the breast and under sides of the wings and body, and "always appeared when the birds were in poor condition. I ascertained this," he writes, "by visiting their lair about mid-day after a luminous exhibition on the previous



evening. I visited them so often in this way that after a time they took very little notice of me."

The position of the light on the Shropshire owls is interesting, as by common consent the Norfolk birds shine brightest as they approach. The fact that their lights were shown chiefly, if not only, when they were "in poor condition," is interesting, too; as a keeper, who wrote to the *Eastern Daily Press*, giving his name and address,<sup>2</sup> tells how, after watching a wandering light of the kind for several nights, he shot at it, and, to his surprise, "found a poor old half-starved barn owl dead on the ground."

Sir Ray Lankester, in one of his charming papers, "Science from an Easy Chair," writing of luminous organisms, with the Twyford owls for his text, tells of "certain kind of phosphorescent bacteria parasitic, on sandhoppers, causing a disease which kills them"; and adds that cases are recorded, though not recently, of persons suffering from tuberculosis becoming phosphorescent. Possibly the true explanation of luminous owls may be found in this direction. The suggestion of more than one correspondent that the light may be attributable to phosphorescent touch-wood attaching itself to the feathers when the bird is roosting is no doubt possible; but would be more probable if it were not the exception and not the rule for a barn owl to roost in a hollow tree. Like the swallow and the house martin, the white owl is a bird which, since the days probably when they shared caves together, seems to have specially attached itself to man, and, as its common name suggests, usually has its home in a dry barn.

A more probable explanation is, perhaps, one suggested by Mr. W. P. Pyecraft—that the light may originate in a fungoid growth yet to be discovered,

parasitic on the feathers of the owl, which may on occasions become phosphorescent. A fungus of the kind, though not known to be luminous, has already been found on the feathers of a goose.

That wandering lights, known sometimes as "Lantern Birds," sometimes as "Lantern Men," are not very uncommon; and that, if not of uncanny origin, they are carried by birds of some kind, seems to be in country places, in East Anglia at least, a very general belief.

The following are a few only of many stories in confirmation which have lately reached the writer, most of them with an assurance from the sender, when not himself the witness, that, so far as he has been able to judge, his informant has spoken only the truth.

When, on the publication of Mr. Purdy's experiences, luminous owls became the talk of the country side, a staid and elderly cook, in the service of a neighboring clergyman, told her mistress that when a girl, living with her father at Southrepps, not far from Cromer, she had "seen dozens." There were generally some of them in "Lampman Lane," at the end of which their cottage stood. The children were not afraid of them, as their mother told them they were "nothing but birds that came out of holes," and she and her sister used to go out in the dark and throw down their pocket handkerchiefs "to see the Lantern Birds mob them."

Another woman had almost exactly the same story to tell of another Norfolk village, where, in her young days, Lantern Birds used often to play about over the heath at night and settle on trees.

A keeper on an estate not far from Lynn "has often, when leaning over a gate, looking up a drive in a plantation, seen two bright lights" (he had believed them to be given out by the eyes

<sup>2</sup> Fred Rolfe, Hoe, East Dereham.

of a tawny owl) "coming down the drive towards him," and has "gone home and told his wife."

"I have just been hearing," writes a barrister and a Justice of the Peace, owning a property near Norwich, "from a man who lives in one of my cottages, of two luminous birds he saw three or four years ago near here, flying about in a field three or four feet from the ground. It was a very dark night, and they looked like 'moons' flying about the field and round a plantation that stands in the middle of it. I know the field well, about a mile from here, a likely place for owls to be hawking at nights for food."

The coachman who drove the present writer to the station after an unsuccessful two nights' hunt for the Wyford torch-bearers—a trustworthy, middle-aged man—assured him that, when a groom in his first place, once, as he crossed Raynham Bridge, two lights, "exactly like carriage lamps," came down the river towards him, keeping side by side until within twenty yards of him, when they separated, swerved to the right, and disappeared behind an osier ear. He was told he had been seeing "Lanternmen"; and, not caring to be chaffed, said no more about it. "But, sir," he added, "you may be quite certain that I really did see what I have told you I saw."

One more letter must be referred to, if only for the sake of the conclusion to which it leads. It was written by a large farmer to a neighboring squire after the first few letters had appeared in the local newspapers. He says that though there was no reason to doubt that the lights described had been seen, the writers who tried to make out that they had anything to do with birds were, in his opinion, "on the wrong track altogether." The lights were nothing more than Will o' the Wisps. He goes on to tell an experience of his own. When a boy he was sent by his

father, one evening in the lambing season, with a message to the shepherd, who was at some little distance from the farm in charge of the ewes. He had delivered his message, and was on the point of starting home in the dusk, when they were both startled at seeing two bright lights coming down a brookside in the valley beneath them. After stopping for a few moments, the lights rose again, and moved quickly up the slope towards them. The shepherd, fearing that his charges might be frightened, ran as fast as he could—the boy with him—to the fold to quiet them. They had scarcely got there when both the lights passed directly over the ewes, not one of which, to his surprise, took any notice of them or seemed in the least disturbed.

Beast and bird may have seen and heard,  
That which man knoweth not.

It is not impossible that the writers of the last quoted letter, and of the letters he criticizes, may be together, not on the "wrong," but on the "right" track, and that the true explanation of the Will o' the Wisp may yet be found in the hitherto unsuspected, or, perhaps, only forgotten, luminousness on occasions of a night bird.

It is, to say the least, a curious coincidence that, according to a high authority on local antiquities, Mr. Walter Rye, an old East Anglian name for the barn owl was "Bhly Wix," or "Will-a-Wix," and that its scientific title—whatever reason Linnæus may have had for giving it—is *Strix Flammea*. It should be remembered, too, that, though the existence of the moving light, more particularly haunting marshy ground, has never been entirely denied, its nature and origin have always been held doubtful. Sir Isaac Newton believed in and wrote of it as "a vapor shining without heat," differing from flame as rotten wood in a

phosphorescent state differs from "burning coals of fire." A successor in the chair of the President of the Royal Society, Sir Joseph Banks, "after most laborious investigations," could "never satisfy himself," and doubted entirely.

Two more short extracts, authentic accounts of appearances of Will o' the Wisp, for comparison with the accounts given of the owls, and this wandering paper, already much too long, shall end.

The first is from "Popular Antiquities," by John Brand, M.A., Fellow and Secretary of the Society of Antiquaries of London:

A respectable person in Hertfordshire presuming upon the knowledge of the grounds about his house, was tempted one dark night to follow one of these lights which he saw flying over a piece of fallow ground. It led him over a ploughed field, flying and twisting about from place to place. Sometimes it would suddenly disappear, and as suddenly appear again. It once made directly to a hedge; when it came near it mounted over, and he lost sight of it after a full hour's chase.

The second story is from a note by Mr. Brand's Editor, the late Sir Henry Ellis, Principal Librarian of the British Museum:

At Astley, seven miles from Worcester, three gentlemen saw one of these appearances in a garden about nine o'clock on a dark night. At first they imagined it to be some country fellow with a lanthorn, till, approaching within six yards, it suddenly disappeared. It became visible again in a dry field, thirty or forty yards off. It disappeared as suddenly a second time, and was seen again a hundred yards off. Whether it passed over the hedges or went through it could not be observed, for it disappeared as it passed from field to field. At another time, when one approached within ten or twelve yards, it seemed to pack off as in a fright."

The stories of the three gentlemen at Astley, of the "respectable person in Hertfordshire," and of Mr. Purdy at Foulsham are suggestively alike.

Will o' the Wisps are not often heard of now. Gamekeepers' gun-barrels may, not impossibly, have had more to do with their disappearance than drain-pipes.

Owls, too, are not so common, sad to say, as they were before the division of woodland birds into the two broad classes, "game" and "vermin." In most counties in the United Kingdom they are now, happily, so far as statutory orders can make them so, protected birds; and,—although inside the covert fence the keeper is still a law to himself, and outside the fence the King's writ does not run after dusk, if at all, within gunshot of pheasant coops,—they are already more often to be seen and heard than a very few years ago.

Perhaps, as they become plentiful, and brook sides are once more regularly patrolled at night for rats and mice, as once, no doubt, they were, we may read again of "Jack o' Lanthorns" being seen

Dancing in murky light o'er fen and lake,  
In the bewitched, low, marshy willow brake.

"Living Lights" are a chapter of Natural History still to be read.

"By understanding that the problem is a biological one," writes Professor Hans Molisch, in a fascinating paper on "Luminosity in Plants," published in the report of the Smithsonian Institute for 1905, "an important basis has been gained for further investigations."

One thing at least that seems to have been learnt is that they are far more common and widely spread than has been suspected in the past. "According to my own observations," he goes on to say, "no inconsiderable percentage

of fallen oak and beech leaves are luminous in the summer time; and on all sides the floor of the forest is illuminated with light, feeble indeed, but easily detected."

Leading up to the possibility of light of the kind being in some unknown way of use to such plants as phosphorescent toadstools—conceivably by attracting gnats and beetles, which, on leaving, may carry with them the spores to be dropped in convenient nurseries—Dr. Mollisch says:

When we consider the instantaneous and explosive generation of light, the sudden expulsion of a luminous secretion, and the wonderful construction of a light-producing apparatus in animals

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inhabiting the darkest depths of the sea, we can have no doubt that such constructions are of service to the organisms, and that a definite use is served by this light-development in the case of many zoological forms. Thus these creatures may, by means of their light,—either allure or frighten, or may illuminate their surroundings in order to more easily and successfully capture their prey.

No one who, as a boy, has caught sparrows with a bull's eye lantern, or watched the startled amazement which for a moment paralyzes a feeding dormouse when a match is struck near its cage, will have any great difficulty in imagining a possible use of a light to an owl.

*T. Digby Pigott.*

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### FRANCIS THOMPSON'S CRICKET VERSES.

To the readers of the memoir of the late Francis Thompson which was printed just after his death in "The Athenæum" for November 23, 1907, and which stands as preface to the volume of his "Selected Poems" just published, it must have come as a surprise to learn that this rapt celebrant of the soul was, if not himself a cricketer, a very keen student of the game. They would have felt surprise not because there is anything irreconcilable between the life spiritual and this noble pastime, but because one naturally falls into the habit of thinking of men in one direction only and Thompson's name carried with it the idea rather of midnight visions than of the sunlit pitch.

But literary genius and love of cricket have joined hands before. Cowper at Westminster was eager for the game. Byron played for Harrow against Eton. Mr. Meredith, whose cricket enthusiasm flushes through his novels, was, he has told me, an alert fieldsman at the point of the bat; while

Mr. Barrie, it is well known, goes so far as to possess a team of his own whose merits he has described in an illustrated *brochure* which is at once the joy of those who own it and the despair of those who do not. Two instances of what I may call wholly unexpected cricketers may be added. Mr. Lang, by whose cradle the muse of the game, benignantly smiling, most assuredly stood with gifts in her hand, has just discovered that Cuchulainn, the Irish hero, played, and naturally excelled, at cricket in its most primitive form about 200 A.D., while (and here we come nigher the poet of "The Hound of Heaven") if you look in Mr. Philip Norman's fascinating history of the West Kent Cricket Club you will find the name and fame of one H. E. Manning, afterwards Cardinal.

None the less it was a surprise to many persons, as I say, to find that Francis Thompson was a devotee too; and to those who had seen him in the flesh (and in the ulster which he did not don until the swallows were with

us nor doff until they had flown) the surprise must have been greater still, since from such an exterior it would require a reader of men of supernatural acumen to deduce a love of open-air sport. For of all men Francis Thompson was to the casual observer least like a cricketer. It was not only this inverted affection for his overcoat; it was the whole effect, the *ensemble*, as Whitman would say. If ever a figure seemed to say "Take me any where in the world so long as it is not to a cricket match," that was Francis Thompson's. And his eye supported it. His eye had no brightness: it swung laboriously upon its object; whereas the enthusiasts of St. John's Wood dart their glances like birds.

But Francis Thompson was born to baffle the glib inference. With his heart warmed by the very presence of God he could sell matches at Charing Cross. The world, which at every turn seemed to have crushed him beneath its cold weight, he had mastered and disdained while still a youth. Fate might beat against his frame, but within blossomed the rose. He carried consolation about him.

Latterly he went seldom to Lord's. His memories were too sad. It was indeed from this sadness, this regret for the past and unwillingness to recall it too vividly, that was born the poem a stanza of which was printed in "The Athenæum," and which, with other verses on the game, I am now permitted to print in full here. The poem is not dated, but it is recent. As I understand the case, Thompson had been invited to Lord's to see Middlesex and Lancashire, and had agreed to go; but as the time drew near he found he could not face the ordeal. Such a mood imports a new note into cricket poetry. Cricket poetry hitherto has been descriptive, reflective, rapturous, gay, humorous. It has never before to my knowledge been made a vehicle for

a lament for the past of profoundest melancholy.

Every one knows the sadness of the backward look—every one has lost friends both of kin and of the soul. But the cricket enthusiast (and this applies to other spectacular games and sports too), whether he plays or merely watches, has had two pasts, two chances of bereavement—his own private losses, and the losses that have been suffered by the game. It is impossible for a quite ordinary enthusiast to see one match without thinking of an earlier: how much more then must a poet do so? The simplest and most prosaic of us, whose lives have been fortunate, cannot go to Lord's, and regret no missing face upon the field. How have we, for example, yearned for Mr. Stoddart these many seasons past! But Thompson . . .

Francis Thompson was Lancashire born; as a boy he haunted the Old Trafford ground. Then came the realities of life, which in many cases were too much for him: his body was frail, he suffered almost constant pain, he was unfitted doubly—physically and temperamentally—for mundane struggle. He left Ushaw, made a futile experiment or two to earn his living in the ordinary way, and drifted to London, where he fell upon the hardest times, always, however (in the beautiful image that Pater uses of Marius), protecting unsullied the white bird in his breast, always secure in his soul, but none the less conscious too that things were not as they should be with him and as they had promised to be in the days before thought, before the real fight, began—in the days when Hornby and Barlow went in first for Lancashire. To know all this is to find the first and last stanza of the poem which follows almost unbearably sad.

It is little I repair to the matches of  
the Southron folk,

Though my own red roses there may  
blow;  
It is little I repair to the matches of  
the Southron folk,  
Though the red roses crest the caps I  
know.  
For the field is full of shades as I near  
the shadowy coast,  
And a ghostly batsman plays to the  
bowling of a ghost,  
And I look through my tears on a  
soundless clapping host,  
As the run-stealers flicker to and fro,  
To and fro,  
O my Hornby and my Barlow long  
ago!

It is Glo'ster coming North, the irre-  
sistible.  
The Shire of the Graces, long ago!  
It is Gloucestershire up North, the ir-  
resistible.  
And new-arisen Lancashire the foe!  
A Shire so young that has scarce im-  
pressed its traces,  
Ah, how shall it stand before all resist-  
less Graces?  
O, little red rose, their bats are as  
maces  
To beat thee down, this summer long  
ago!

This day of seventy-eight they are  
come up North against thee,  
This day of seventy-eight, long ago!  
The champion of the centuries, he com-  
eth up against thee,  
With his brethren, every one a fa-  
mous foe!  
The long-whiskered Doctor, that laugh-  
eth rules to scorn,  
While the bowler, pitched against him,  
bans the day that he was born;  
And G. F. with his science makes the  
fairest length forlorn;  
They are come from the West to  
work thee woe!

It is little I repair to the matches of  
the Southron folk,  
Though my own red roses there may  
blow;  
It is little I repair to the matches of  
the Southron folk,  
Though the red roses crest the caps  
I know.  
For the field is full of shades as I near  
the shadowy coast,

And a ghostly batsman plays to the  
bowling of a ghost,  
And I look through my tears on a  
soundless clapping host,  
As the run-stealers flicker to and fro,  
To and fro.  
O my Hornby and my Barlow long  
ago!

I might say that the match in ques-  
tion was played at Old Trafford on  
July 25, 26, 27, 1878, when the poet  
was eighteen. (He was born in Decem-  
ber, 1859.) It was an historic contest,  
for the two counties had never before  
met. The fame of the Graces was such  
that 16,000 people were present on the  
Saturday, the third day—of whom, by  
the way, 2000 did not pay but took the  
ground by storm. The result was a  
draw, a little in Lancashire's favor,  
after a very determined fight inter-  
rupted now and then by rain. It was  
eminently Hornby and Barlow's match.  
In the first innings the amateur made  
only 5, but Barlow went right through  
it, his wicket falling last for 40. In  
the second innings Hornby was at his  
best, making with incredible dash 100  
out of 156 while he was in, Barlow  
supporting him while he made 80 of  
them. In this match W. G. (who is  
still playing, be it remembered: I saw  
him at the Oval on Easter Monday,  
immense and gray and jovial) made  
32 and 58 not out and took 4 wickets,  
and E. M. made 21 and 4 and took 4  
wickets. G. F. played, too, but it was  
not his day.

The note book in which the verses  
are written contains numberless varia-  
tions upon several of the lines.

O my Hornby and my Barlow long ago!  
becomes in one case  
O my Monkey and Stone-waller long  
ago!

"Monkey" was, of course, Mr. Hornby's  
nickname. "First he runs you out of  
breath," said the professional, possi-



bly Barlow himself, "first he runs you out of breath, then he runs you out, and then he gives you a sovereign." A brave summary! In what other verse he and Barlow have a place I do not know, but they should be proud of this. It is something to have brought tears to the eyes of the poet of "Sister Songs." He, that unworldly ecstatic visionary, is no more, but both cricketers are happily alive to-day—I was talking to Barlow only a month ago, and such was his vivacity he seemed to have drunk of the fountain of youth)—and they may read these verses. I hope they will, although cricketers, in my experience, however they may have taken of late to writing of their game, read as little as they can.

The second piece is a description, in very easy couplets, of the great match between Middlesex and Yorkshire at Lord's on May 28, 1899. It was never intended for print: it was merely a versified memorandum of the match for the writer's own amusement. As will some day be seen, his note books took count of most of his experiences, trivial as well as serious. A few lines may be quoted. Albert Trott, it will be remembered, after Warner had paved the way by making an historic 150, hit up in hurricane style 164. The rhymes thus describe his innings:—

For Trott, who also month-long kept  
Inert, as the batsman in him slept,  
Wakes, and with tumult of his waking,  
The many-girded ground is shaking!  
With rolling claps and clamor, as soar  
Fours after fours, and ever four!  
Bowls Rhodes, bowls Jackson, Halgh  
bowls, Hirst,—

To him the last is as the first:  
West-end tent or pavilion-rail,  
He lashes them home with a thresher's  
flail.

I omit a curious interlude in which the psychological state of Lord Hawke, as captain, is delineated: not too accurately, I fancy, for his lordship, if I know anything about him, can meet

adversity with philosophic calm. This is the end:—

Trott keeps them trotting, till his  
d—d score

Is just one hundred, sixty, and four,—  
The highest tally this match has scored,  
And the century fourth is long up on  
the board.

Thank Heaven, the fellow's grown  
reckless now,

Jumps and slogs at them anyhow:  
Two narrow shaves, amid frenzied  
howl

Of jubilant people, and lordly growl;  
Till a clinker tingles in Brown's left  
hand—

Good Brown! you have snapped the  
Infernal stand!

The last two wickets go tedious down,  
And my lord strides off with his teeth  
and frown.

The poet throughout, although no Southerner, is against Yorkshire; the old championship of the Red Rose against the White coming out very strongly. The match ended in a victory for Middlesex by an innings and 2 runs. It was Trott's game, for not only did he score his 164 (137 of them in an hour and a half), but he took altogether nine wickets.

The third piece is a *tour de force*, an imitation of FitzGerald's "Omar." Thompson, who was not given to filling other men's moulds, began it evidently as a joke, for he gave it a comical title, "Rime o' bat of O my sky-em." But his mind was too powerful and proud for imitation or sustained *facctia*, and he quickly became individual and human, so that the stanzas although a parody in form are also a new and independent thing. They seem to me to have no little charm. Cricket no doubt has been moralized before—indeed is there not Fred Lillywhite's epitaph in Highgate Cemetery?—but never so sweetly and reasonably.

#### PART I.

Wake! for the Ruddy Ball has taken  
flight

That scatters the slow Wicket of the Night;

And the swift Batsman of the Dawn  
has driven  
Against the Star-spiked Rails a fiery  
Smite.

Wake, my Beloved! take the Bat that  
clears

The sluggish Liver, and Dyspeptics  
cheers:

To-morrow? Why, to-morrow I may  
be  
Myself with Hambledon and all its  
Peers.

To-day a Score of Batsmen brings, you  
say?

Yes, but where leaves the Bats of Yesterday?

And this same summer day that  
brings a Knight  
May take the Grace and Ranjitsingh  
away.

Willsher the famed is gone with all his  
"throws."

And Alfred's Six-foot Reach where no  
man knows;

And Hornby—that great hitter—his  
own Son  
Plays in his place, yet recks not the  
Red Rose.

And Silver Billy, Fuller Pileh and  
Small,

Alike the pigmy Briggs and Ulyett tall,  
Have swung their Bats an hour or  
two before.

But none played out the last and silent  
Ball.

Well, let them Perish! What have we  
to do

With Gilbert Grace the Great, or that  
Hindu?

Let Hirst and Spooner slog them as  
they list.

Or Warren bowl his "snorter": care  
not you!

With me along the Strip of Herbage  
strown.

That is not laid or watered, rolled or  
sown.

Where name of Lord's and Oval is  
forgot.

And peace to Nicholas on his bomb-  
girt Throne.

A level Wicket, as the Ground allow,  
A driving Bat, a lively Ball, and thou  
Before me bowling on the Cricket-  
pitch—

O Cricket-pitch were Paradise enow!

## PART II.

I listened where the Grass was shaven  
small,

And heard the Bat that groaned  
against the Ball:

Thou pitchest Here and There, and  
Left and Right,

Nor deem I where the Spot thou next  
may'st Fall.

Forward I play, and Back, and Left  
and Right,

And overthrown at once, or stay till  
Night:

But this I know, where nothing else  
I know,

The last is Thine, how so the Bat shall  
smite.

This thing is sure, where nothing else  
is sure,

The boldest Bat may but a Space en-  
dure;

And he who One or who a Hundred  
hits

Falleth at ending to thy Force or Lure.

Wherefore am I allotted but a Day  
To taste Delight, and make so brief a  
stay;

For meed of all my Labor laid aside,  
Ended alike the Player and the Play.

Behold, there is an Arm behind the  
Ball,

Nor the Bat's Stroke of its own Strik-  
ing all;

And who the Gamesters, to what end  
the Game,

I think thereof our Willing is but  
small.

Against the Attack and Twist of Cir-  
cumstance

Though I oppose Defence and shift  
Glance,

What Power gives Nerve to me, and  
what Assaults,—

This is the Riddle. Let dull bats cry  
"Chance."

Is there a Foe that [domineers] the  
Ball?

And one that Shapes and wields us  
Willows all?

Be patient if Thy Creature in Thy  
Hand

Break, and the so-long-guarded Wicket  
fall!

Thus spoke the Bat. Perchance a  
foolish Speech

And wooden, for a Bat has straitened  
Reach:

Yet thought I, I had heard Philoso-  
phers

Prate much on this wise, and aspire  
to Teach.

Ah, let us take our Stand, and play the  
Game,

But rather for the Cause than for the  
Fame;

Albeit right evil is the Ground, and  
we.

Know our Defence thereon will be but  
lame.

O Love, if thou and I could but Con-  
spire

Against this Pitch of Life, so false  
with Mire,

Would we not Doctor it afresh, and  
then

Roll it out smoother to the Bat's De-  
sire?

A few notes would not be out of place. Hambledon is the village in Hampshire where the game was first taken with all the seriousness of a religious rite, as, of course, it should be. The history of the Hambledon cricketers was written by John Nyren in 1833, in a wonderful little book still available in reprints. I suppose that the Knight whom Thompson had in mind was Albert Knight of Leicestershire, whose writings on cricket he greatly admired. Willsher was Edgar Willsher, "The Lion of Kent," and a member of the All England team, born in 1828. A "fast and ripping" left-handed round-arm bowler, in or about 1857 his style came under severe criticism in "Bell's Life," but he survived

the attack. Mr. Haygarth calls him "one of the most amiable, as well as one of the staunchest, of cricketers in the world." To the name of Alfred the poet himself has put the following footnote: "Alfred is Alfred the Great, Alfred Mynn, W. G. of his day; six foot two, shoulder of mutton fist, foot on which he leaned made a grave in soft turf, brilliant both as bat and fast bowler." I need only add that Alfred Mynn was born at Goudhurst in 1807, and died at Thurnham, also in Kent, in 1861, mourned by all Englishmen. The younger Hornby—A. H.—is this year (1908) captain of Lancashire. May he do bravely! Silver Billy was William Beldham, of the Hambledon Club, over whose genius Nyren becomes lyrical. He lived to a very great age and died in 1860. Fuller Pilch, a Norfolk man by birth, was the best bat in England between 1820 and 1850. He played for Kent in the thirties and forties, and died at Canterbury in 1870,—

Land of Hops, you hold in trust  
Very sacred human dust!

There were two Smalls, both Hambledon men celebrated by Nyren. Briggs was of course Johnny Briggs, of Thompson's own county, the left-handed bowler and coverpoint whose end was a tragedy, for he lost his reason through a sunstroke and died in an asylum. George Ulyett is dead too—the great and genial Yorkshireman of the seventies. The other names need no gloss.

Those are the verses. Thompson wrote also a little prose on the game, including a lengthy criticism of "The Jubilee Book of Cricket." This review, printed in "The Academy," for September 4, 1897, is interesting not only on the literary side but for its theoretical acumen too. It contains a very minute examination of the differences between the pitched-up balls of the under-arm and the over-arm bowler, and there

are some discerning remarks upon back and forward play. But more to our purpose as illustrating Thompson's cricket prose is the passage in praise of Vernon Royle, another Lancashire man, at cover-point:—

Fine fielding is very largely the work of a captain who is himself a fine fielder, and knows its vast importance in winning matches. Many a match has been won rather in the field than at the wicket. And, if only a boy will set himself really to study its niceties, it is a most fascinating branch of cricket. Prince Ranjitsinhji remarks on the splendid opportunities of cover-point, and cites the Rev. Vernon Royle as the cover-point to whom all cricketers give the palm during the last thirty years. "From what one hears," he says, "he must have been a magnificent fielder." He was. And I notice the fact, because Vernon Royle may be regarded as a concrete example of the typical fielder, and the typical fielder's value. He was a pretty and stylish bat; but it was for his wonderful fielding that he was played. A ball for which hardly another cover-point would think of trying, he flashed upon, and with a single action stopped it and returned it to the wicket. So placed that only a single stump was visible to him,

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he would throw that down with unflinching accuracy, and without the slightest pause for aim. One of the members of the Australian team in Royle's era, playing against Lancashire, shaped to start for a hit wide of cover-point. "No, no!" cried his partner; "the policeman is there!" There were no short runs anywhere in the neighborhood of Royle. He simply terrorized the batsmen; nor was there any necessity for an extra cover—now so constantly employed. In addition to his sureness and swiftness, his style was a miracle of grace. Slender and symmetrical, he moved with the lightness of a young roe, the flexuous elegance of a leopard—it was a sight for an artist or a poet to see him field. Briggs, at his best, fell not far short in efficiency; but there was no comparison between the two in style and elegance. To be a fielder like Vernon Royle is as much worth any youth's endeavors as to be a batsman like Ranjitsinhji, or a bowler like Richardson.

That the author of "The Hound of Heaven" and "The Anthem of Earth" should be also the most ingenious and suggestive reviewer of Prince Ranjitsinhji's work is a curious circumstance worthy of note by any Isaac Disraeli of the future.

*E. V. Lucas.*

### ON HIS OWN CONFESSION.

Peter Heaney lived with his brother and his sister-in-law on their small farm, where he often wished that he had a more peaceful abode. For peace and quiet, Peter's highest good, did but seldom abide beneath the same roof with Mrs. Dan Heaney. She was one of the Nagles of Kilmacleeve, and had brought her husband a fine fortune, a fact to which she constantly referred. As he had a masterful disposition, fostered by long headship of his family, this habit of hers did not promote concord, and the same remark applied to many of her other habits. But though

Peter hated what he called "bargain' and allegatin'," he never thought seriously of seeking quarters where they might be less rife. This was partly because he hated still more the thought of quitting the home in which he had spent all his thirty years; partly because there would have been difficulties about the settlement of his interest in the little holding, and chiefly, perhaps, because of his affection for "the childer." They were his nephews, Joe and Jimmy, aged six and four. Peter had attached himself to them from their earliest days, and in stormy

domestic scenes had frequently befriended and shielded them, especially Joe, who was a rather slow-witted, meek-spirited sort of person, well suited for a scapegoat when ruffled tempers required one. To leave them, therefore, was a step which Peter could not contemplate without some stronger incitement than the wranglings and ill-humors of his sister-in-law and brother.

"Och, botheration, they're at it again, hammer and tongs," he said to himself ruefully as he clumped down the ladder-like stairs one June morning, and heard a sound of voices alternately shrill and gruff ascending from the kitchen. At that moment Peter felt even more than usually disinclined for a fray, as a bad toothache had kept him awake until the small hours, so that want of sleep made his mood unenergetic and unenterprising. However, he reflected with some satisfaction that the belligerents would soon be taking their departure, since they both proposed to attend the fair at Manderstown, which obliged an early start. Consequently he foresaw a speedy end, or, at least, adjournment of this dispute, which apparently concerned the price to be put upon the white heifer; and he was not disappointed. For presently, to Mrs. Dan's observation that "it was a poor case to see a man going about as headstrong as a mule and as contrary as a pig with his fields all the while full of her stock," Dan rejoined that "if it wasn't only for them, begorrah, his house wouldn't be full of her fool's talk either," and thereupon went out hastily into the yard, where he began to harness a more amenable mare.

Mrs. Dan, with a somewhat elaborate toilet yet to make, could, for lack of time, only vent her wrath by bestowing a few very peremptory injunctions upon the stay-at-homes. "And mind you, Joe," the last of them ran, "you'll sup sorrow with a spoon

of grief when I get back if I find that you were after trapesin' about anywhere near them ojis, bottomless bogholes, and takin' little Jimmy along, to be gettin' his drowndin' death, and nobody in the place with the sinse to hinder yous." As she spoke, the car on which she was seated went on with a jerk, and a spirit of windless calm seemed to begin brooding over the farmstead.

Peter was looking forward to a pleasant day alone with his small nephews. He had to finish mowing Gortbeg, a job which would keep him fairly hard at work till the crows came home; but he did not dislike that, as he was an expert mower, and took a pride in the practice of his accomplishment. As for the children, "the crathurs wouldn't be e'er an atom of trouble," he was sure, and he conveyed them out to the meadow without any difficulty, except what arose from the fact that Jimmy's old cap had somehow got mislaid, making it necessary for him to wear his new Sunday saller hat, an arrangement which they devoutly hoped might not come to the knowledge of "herself."

In Gortbeg all went well for a couple of hours. Peter's scythe crept steadily on in sliding curves through the cool green and white stalks, while Joe and Jimmy drew the fallen grass to and fro in a rough little go-cart of his own construction with much zealous ado. But towards nine o'clock, when the midsummer sunshine had grown hot, the children bethought them of a milk can which stood beside a basket on the bank, and that reminded Peter of another can containing porter. Then, after they had all refreshed themselves, it seemed to him that it would be pleasant to sit for a while longer in the shrinking shadow of the high hedge, and this he proceeded to do. His mowing had made good progress, so that he could easily spare half an hour. He fully in-

tended thus to limit his rest; but when a man who has been working vigorously reclines with his cap over his eyes on a comfortably-angled, mossy bank, and listens to a bee busy in a neighboring foxglove, his views about the lapse of time are apt to become decidedly vague, particularly if he has spent a night woefully awake. As the minutes slipped past Peter thought less and less about resuming his task. By and by, also, he was visited by queer fancies, mostly, it so happened, concerning Andy Byrne's daughter Kate. Her face peered out at him between boughs high up in the elm tree. He was trying to row her to Mass along the road in a boat, with his scythe for an oar. He had mowed her a great bunch of various colored neck-ribbons, which he could not succeed in throwing to her across a wide stream against a strong wind. These fancies grew harder and harder to disentangle from facts, and then he recollected nothing more.

He was suddenly recalled to consciousness by a sound, the origin of which he did not immediately recognize. Sitting up with a start, he found that he was alone. Nothing could he see of Joe and Jimmy, whom, when he was last aware of their presence, broad slices of bread and treacle had happily occupied. That seemed to him only just now; yet they were vanished out of sight. Not out of hearing, however, for in a moment he knew that the noise which had wakened him was the voice of Joe howling dismally, and at intervals breaking into frantic calls upon "Uncle Pather." Before he could move in its direction, Joe himself appeared round the corner in a desperate plight, for which his first words accounted all too sufficiently.

"Och, Uncle Pather," he panted and sobbed, "Jimmy's in the big houle."

At these tidings despair fell upon Peter, as well it might. Gortbeg is a

small field, girdled about with tall, thick hawthorn hedges that quite shut out its surroundings. But at the west end there is a gap, and whoever passes it finds himself straightway on the brown bogland, which spreads far and wide a dark expanse, flecked with green patches and low, furzy hillocks, and in places riddled with black pits, where water lies deep. Through this gap the children had gone, and their adventures, to judge from Joe's incoherent narrative, had been as follows:—They had put up two rabbits, and had each pursued one in different directions. When Joe finally lost his, he discovered that he had also lost Jimmy, whom he had vainly sought for a long time among the broom and furze bushes. At last he had come to "the big houle," and there, floating on the water far below, was Jimmy's new straw hat. Joe, having the wit to understand what a calamity that betokened, had thereupon made his way back to the field in direful grief and affright.

His uncle's consternation equalled his own as they rushed bogwards, tripping in the wisps of half-dried grass. "The big houle" was the worse reputed of all the many pitfalls which imperilled unwary walkers in that part of the bog. Report called it bottomless, and it was undoubtedly of great depth. A slippery grass bank sloping down to the brink of its smooth, perpendicular sides made it fatally easy of access, and fatally difficult to get out or to be got out of alive; and when Peter and Joe reached it there, sure enough, was little Jimmy's white hat gleaming at them like a baneful star from its gloomy depths. Jimmy himself was, of course, nowhere visible. How should he be, with untold fathoms of black bog-water above his head?

Peter stood gazing down in dark despair. That such a cruel fate should



have overtaken the "innicint bit of a crathur" would, in any case, have been a piteous thing, and that his own negligence should have led to it made it seem quite unendurable. Therein lay materials for a lifelong remorse. But at the present moment another aspect of the matter obtruded itself upon him. He could not refrain from considering what bitter reproaches he would meet with for his share in the melancholy disaster. How could he face Dan and Cassie after letting their favorite child go to loss? The storm of anger and grief that he must encounter on their return was a terrible prospect to him; and some of its violence would, no doubt, fall upon poor Joe. This thought was, indeed, kept uppermost in his mind by Joe's lamentations, the burden of which was—"Och, Jimmy, Jimmy, I couldn't help it. Och, Uncle Pather, what'll I do at all widout Jimmy? And kilt I'll be when she comes home for drowndin' him."

"Whisht-a-whisht," Peter said to the child, "sure 'twas no fault of yours."

Nevertheless, he was rapidly seeking expedients for avoiding the dreadful interview. Not being much of a schemer, only one plan, crude and simple enough, occurred to him, and that was just to run away. He must, of course, take Joe along. To leave him behind unprotected would be intolerable. Such a setting out into the wide world was forlorn and dismal to contemplate. Still, when Peter foresaw the car driving up to the door, and heard Mrs. Dan calling, "Jimmy, come and see what I'm bringin' you, honey. I wonder, now, where at all Jimmy is," it seemed to him that anything would be better than telling Jimmy's mother where Jimmy was.

So the result of his hurried reflections was that he suddenly said to Joe, "I'm thinkin' we might maybe do well to quit out of this for a while till after they're home."

"Ah, do, then," said Joe, with a gleam of hope. "Let us go away this minit and niver come back agin."

"I must step into the house and fetch me trifle of money," said Peter. He had vague notions of tramping coastwise, and crossing over to Scotland, where he might find harvest work wherewith to maintain himself and Joe. Meanwhile his savings would be wanted for the journey. They amounted to something less than a couple of pounds.

In fear and trembling, uncle and nephew made their way back to the house, which seemed dreadfully lonesome and deserted, for Biddy Flynn, the servant, was taking a holiday. Peter hastily possessed himself of his wash-leather pouch, glancing round his little room at various other valued properties which he lacked the time and heart to pack up—his best suit, his American clock, his framed portrait of Parnell—and then they started on their doleful travels, slinking along in silent dejection through the noontide sunshine.

About this time Mr. Fergus M'Nulty, J. P., of Cloncarrick, was driving himself in his gig to Manderstown fair. He had taken a short cut by a cart-track across the big bog, and in the course of it he came to where a very little, bare-headed boy was seated by the roadside, howling with disproportionate loudness. Good-natured Mr. M'Nulty stopped to inquire the cause of such distress, and learned from the child that he was after losing his new hat that the wind blew off on him, and that he was after losing his way looking for it, and that Joe was lost on him, too, and his daddy and mammy—laistwise they were gone off to the fair. The sufferer from all these losses had just sense enough to state, when questioned, that his daddy was Dan Heaney, whereupon Mr. M'Nulty said, "Is it Dan Heaney of Clonrush over yonder? Sure we'll

find him at the town as easy as winking. Jump up here, me man, and as for the hat, there won't be much trouble getting you as good a one as the wind took off your head." Thus Jimmy, swung up into the high seat, was driven away, feeling a tremulous hope that he might not after all be permanently separated from every familiar face and scene.

As Peter Heaney trudged along the sunny lanes, the flurry of alarm with which he had set out gradually subsided. Now that he had actually turned his back on the farm, he could think more calmly of that tragical homecoming, from which he and his fellow-culprit would be safely divided by so many miles. But he did not attain to any real peace of mind, for no sooner was he able to count upon his own absence than his conscience began to upbraid him about the step whereby he had secured it. He said to himself that if Dan and his wife arrived home and found everybody gone, without a word of explanation, "it would be apt to drive them distracted clane and clever." Peter's intention had been to send Dan a letter from their first halting-place, but the ill news would thus not reach the farm until the next day at soonest, and the suspense caused by its tardy flight would seem interminable to the inmates. When he had considered the subject for a mile or two further, he came to the conclusion that "it was no thing to go do. He had a right to be lavin' them word about it without delay. That was the laist he could do, and not have them runnin' wild over the country-side lookin' for himself and the childer."

Clearly as he saw this duty, however, its performance was beset with difficulties. To whom could he confide the message with a certainty that it would be promptly delivered? By this time he had passed beyond the small circle of his acquaintances, and the ap-

proach of sunset and Joe's limited walking powers forbade turning back in quest of a trustworthy bearer. It was true that they were drawing near the village where dwelt an outlying family of rather old friends, but this was less than nothing to Peter's purpose; for these friends were the Andy Byrnes, and he somehow felt that to appear before Kate Byrne and her people with his deplorable and discreditable story would be an intense aggravation of his wretchedness. The only other alternative which presented itself to him was that he should report the disaster at the police barracks, whereupon the Constabulary would doubtless lose no time in repairing to the scene of it. Peter regarded the undertaking as a grave and perilous one. To set working powers about the scope of which his ideas were ignorantly vague was a risky thing. Then he was far from ready with his tongue and a consciousness of deficiencies in that respect combined with his awe of all officials to make him apprehend that he would have much difficulty in expressing himself. Moreover, he had serious misgivings that his statement might lead to his detention by the police, and preclude his escape. Still, he could not avoid the venture without increasing his own self-reproach by torturing Jimmy's parents with prolonged uncertainty. That much was clear to him amid the turmoil of his greatly troubled meditations.

They were now coming in sight of the small, whitewashed barracks, up the front of which dark-green hops had been trained to creep in parallel straight lines, and which a hedge of scarlet fuchsia, clipped as smooth as a brick wall, separated from the road. On the road side of it, near the gate, Sergeant Hickey sat in a creaking wicker chair, and wished that he had not finished reading his *Freeman's Journal* so long before tea-time. Just

behind him, at the other side of the hedge, his wife was more agreeably occupied in exchanging gossip with a young neighbor who had called upon her. The sergeant alone was visible to Peter as he advanced through the late afternoon sunbeams, which dazzled his unhappy eyes. Peter was wearing his worst old working clothes; he looked scared and bewildered; his hair had been roughened by many distracted rumplings, and a tuft of it stood up through a hole in the front of his torn cap. Joe's face was quite singularly begrimed with dust and tears and treacle, and he had begun to limp sadly from overmuch walking.

When this tramp-like pair paused at the gate Sergeant Hickey looked up, not displeased at the diversion, though it promised nothing of great interest.

"Beg pardon, sir," said Peter, "I was wishful to mention to you that I'm after takin' and drownin' the little young fellow above at Dan Heaney's."

The word "drownin'" brought Sergeant Hickey to his feet with a jump. "What was that, me man?" he exclaimed. "Drownin'? Who's drowned or after drownin,' anybody in my district?"

"'Twas the little young fellow," Peter reiterated, "in the bog-houle. The brother of him," he said, pointing to Joe, who at this reference to their affliction had again begun to cry. "Left along wid me he was, and I have him drowned on the crathurs—his father and mother—and they away at the fair; so I want—"

"Hould your whisht," said the sergeant, fumbling for his note book. "Not another word out of your head till I warn you that anythin' you say may be used agin you as evidence. Now you're cautioned. What account have you to give of the affair?"

But the sight of the note book had paralyzed Peter's faculties, and he could only stare dumb-founded.

"Sure you can tell me your own name, anyway, and his name, for a beginnin'," said Sergeant Hickey, and Peter stammered them out, with a few particulars about ages and localities, which the sergeant took down, then resuming: "And what at all led you to commit the crime? Was it premeditating it you were, or had you any provocation?"

"For the matter of provocation," said Peter, "there wasn't e'er a better child in Ireland than poor Jimmy, though he mightn't be altogether as biddable as Joe. The mother had him a trifle spoilt. I dunno what come over me. Ne'er a thought had I of doin' such a thing when I quitted me mowin', and the next I knew of him he was at the bottom of the big boule, barrin' his hat, that might as well go along wid him."

"Had you drink taken?" inquired the sergeant.

"No more than only an odd sup of porther out of the can," Peter said. "It might be chance go to me head, but I wouldn't think so."

"And you there, Joseph Heaney, did you see anybody—this man for instance—offering to drown your brother Jimmy—James, I should say?" the sergeant demanded solemnly of Joe.

"I did not," Joe gasped. "Runnin' after a rabbit I was, and I niver seen aught but his hat. Och, she'll be fine and mad."

"So I was throublin' you to be lavin' word wid them up above to say where they'll get him," Peter said meekly, "or else they might niver rightly know what's took the child. Send them the news in a letter I will meself from where I'm goin', but letters does be quare."

"Is it sendin' letters you'll be?" the sergeant said grimly. "And where might you plase to suppose yourself's goin'? For let me tell you, it's before

the magistrate, as straight as you can walk. A quare letter, troth and be-dad."

"Beg pardon, sir," Peter said, with desperate firmness, "steppin' on we have to be, for it's late enough we are already. Come along wid you, Joe, out of that." He was moving on, but Sergeant Hickey planted himself awfully in the way, and: "Stop where you are," he commanded. "It's a likely story that you're to be steppin' about the counthry manslaughterin', and makin' a brag of it after that again. I dunno what we're here for if the likes of you are to be at large."

"Beg pardon," Peter said once more, attempting to push by, but feebly, for he was conscious that his scheme had collapsed.

"Then it's resistin' arrest you are," said the sergeant. "Turner—Joyce," he shouted, and two constables came bolting out of the barracks.

"What's he at all?" said one of them. "Drunk and disorderly, or a vagrant?"

"Vagrant in me hat, Joyce," said the sergeant. "Nothin' less it is than a case of manslaughter."

"That's a bad job," said Turner. "I suppose it's bringin' him before a magistrate you'll be?"

"There's no call for you to be supposin'. 'Tis the proper coorse to adopt," the sergeant replied, with dignity. "About takin' him I am, under escort, to the nearest Jaw Pay, and chargin' him, 'on his own confession,' wid the drowndin' of a child—belongin' to his brother, it seems, to make it better. Mr. M'Nulty's the most convenient magistrate, and we'd a right to not be delayin', for it's full late, if yous are to get back in time to go on patrol. I believe the prisoner has the wit to come quiet and dacint. Take a holt of the young shaver, Joyce, and we'll step along."

Peter did, in fact, accompany them very quietly. He seemed to himself to

be moving all of a piece, as if he were hewn out of a block, so dazed he was and daunted, so benumbed by a strangeness which his imagination failed to grasp and realize.

Now, as soon as these things had begun to happen, Mrs. Hickey and her young friend at the other side of the hedge had broken off their animated conversation, and had devoted themselves to listening with all their ears, keeping themselves discreetly hidden, lest they should be desired to withdraw; and when prisoner and escort had departed, Mrs. Hickey was rather aggrieved because her visitor would not stay and talk over the event, but hurried off also, saying that she had an errand to do.

The sergeant's wife would have been not a little surprised had she known the object of that errand. Kate Byrne was making her way straight across the fields to the house of Mr. M'Nulty, Justice of the Peace. As she had a shorter distance to go, and went much faster than the regulation three miles an hour, she arrived some minutes before the Constabulary party, and luckily found the old gentleman at once. Pacing his little lawn in front of the red brick villa, built on his retirement from business, he was contemplating its glazed porch, filled with scarlet geraniums and yellow calceolarias, which he regarded as the apple of his eye.

"Well, Kate Byrne," he said, when she trotted up, "what's the best good news with you?" He had known her people all the days of his life, and would have been sincerely sorry to hear of anything amiss, even for talk's sake.

"If you plase, sir," said Kate, "I run over to let you know that Sarjint Hickey from the barracks is bringin' Dan Heaney's brother along to you, and is very apt to be tellin' you a pack of lies about him."

"The Heaneys of Clonrush?" said Mr. M'Nulty; "and what at all have the police to do with respectable people like them?"

"That ould new sarjint there is in it now," said Kate, "has no more sinse than a fat pig in a creel. But he consaits he's a great one entirely, and he's took the notion in his head that young Pather Heaney's after drowndin' one of Dan's childer a-purpose out on the bog; talkin' of manslaughter and all manner he is, and poor Pather, the best-nathured boy in the Kingdom of Connaught, that wouldn't be raisin' his hand to a fly. If anything happint the child at all, 'twas by accident you may depind. But very belike 'twas only his hat blew off into the bog-houle, for that's all they seen."

"And true for you, Kate," said Mr. M'Nulty. "This identical morning, driving to the fair, I found a little chap on the bog that had lost himself and his hat; one of the young Heaneys it was, and he said his people were at Manderstown, so I picked him up and left him with his mother on the green. A temper of her own she has, I rather fancy. But, sure enough, the others might easily think he'd got into one of those dangerous holes."

"That's the very way it was to be sartin," said Kate, "and poor Pather's in distraction over it altogether, let alone bein' called slaughtherers and murderers and iverythin' else. So I thought I'd just run across and tell you, sir. They're comin' round be the road, and they might be here directly."

"We'll step down to the entrance gate and meet them," said Mr. M'Nulty. "We won't be long getting at the fact of the matter."

Accordingly Peter, as he gazed with blank despair at Mr. M'Nulty's gaily painted railings found the black clouds melting marvellously out of his sky, while the sergeant saw all prospect of a sensational case vanish away no less swiftly.

"Well, now, my lad," Mr. M'Nulty said to Peter at taking leave, "you should be very thankful to little Kate Byrne for speaking up for you. I doubt that you're any great hand at it yourself, and in my opinion you couldn't do better than ask her to give you a help with it for the rest of your life."

Kate, who was standing by, did not contradict him.

"And that was as good as meself biddin' you be axin' me," Kate said with some dissatisfaction to Peter a few days afterwards when they were discussing the incident.

"And, sure, what matter for that, asthore machree?" said Peter. "If I'd thought I had e'er a chance, it's axin' you I'd be from mornin' till night. Tormented I'd have you. But, bedad, it's little notion I had that you'd look the way I was. Cudn't I be axin' you now as often as you plase?"

"Ah, not at all," Kate said; "that wouldn't put the beginnin' of it right ind foremost. But mightn't I bid you only for the sake of sayin', 'Troth and I will not'?"

Peter looked as if this suggestion had pointed him to a hitherto unsuspected abyss. "Well," he said, after a pause, with a gasp, "you didn't, anyhow, mavourneep, glory be to God, and the lucky win' that took the notion to blow off Jimmy's hat."

*Jane Barlow.*

## POLITICAL NERVOUSNESS IN GERMANY.

Out there to the north of Potsdam there lies a sandy plain with a fringe of straggling temporary barracks and wooden huts. Döberitz is not a beautiful, but it is an eminently practical spot, and as such forms the objective of never-ending columns of dust-stained infantry, who in the middle of May each year foot it thither to camp out and to practise the goose-step for hours in the red hot sun. And the Herren Leutnants have their heads clipped as close as possible and get very sunburnt, and it is a very business-like looking lot of men the Kaiser has to review when he dashes out to Döberitz in his big white "Fiat" to witness the results of the fortnight's labors of his Guards of the Line. Every year at the end of the Döberitz training the Emperor has a field day, and subsequently dines at the temporary mess, where the fatigues of the morning are forgotten over an excellent dinner, and the Emperor is most gracious to one and all from the most case-hardened old Hauptmann down to the youngest Leutnant. After all such field days the Emperor gathers the officers about him on the ground and holds what is known as a *Besprechung*. This takes the form of a highly technical, often extremely rigorous, criticism of the day's work, winding up perhaps with a general homily on the conservation of the military spirit in the army, the eradication of social democracy from among the rank and file, etc., in short, on whatever subject happens to be uppermost in the Emperor's very active and very serious mind. The scene at such *Besprechungen* is generally the same. There is the group of officers, their faces browned with the sun and the sand, their top-boots white with dust, their buttons dulled with grime, and there in their midst is that erect mili-

tary figure, quivering with nervous energy, illustrating and driving home with a wealth of gestures, almost Italian in their extravagance, every point he has to make. Such was in all probability the setting of the latest Imperial utterance, the Döberitz speech, which acted on the German temperament like a forest fire on a drove of wild horses and which sent the Bourse ricocheting along a course as fluctuating and as zigzag as that of Germany's foreign policy.

The events of the past week have proved enlightening as showing what a gulf still exists between London and Berlin. A gulf either caused by misunderstandings or by national differences: no matter what you call it, the fact remains the same. Except for a sympathetic flutter on 'Change the English have apparently remained blandly unconscious of the war talk that has been going on in Germany ever since the Reval meeting, as blandly unconscious as they are of the dark intentions which twice daily the German patriot, on the strength of his morning and evening newspaper, ascribes to them. The Anglo-Russian *rapprochement* had already got on people's nerves here, and no amount of semi-official bromide had been able to restore the mental equilibrium. It was into an atmosphere thus highly charged that the publication of the Kaiser's Döberitz speech fell like a thunderbolt. The Emperor is a keen politician. He does not keep his political views to himself, but his highly strung active temperament worries at them until they are forced to find expression in words. How often has it not been said—recently, for instance, during the Tweedmouth incident—that the Emperor does not write letters on politics, but says in his speeches what he has in his



heart? And when one remembers what a rôle the army plays in modern Germany, it is not surprising that the man in the street took the Emperor's words, repeated out of school, to be "inside information" of the most important order. What people abroad do not realize is the influence which the army in Germany has on the general conduct of foreign affairs. In the first place the department with which the Emperor, as supreme War Lord, comes most into contact, is the Military Cabinet. The Emperor, it must be remembered, has no lords-in-waiting, but personal aides-de-camp who are high officers of distinction in the army. Thus the immediate Imperial *entourage* is practically exclusively military. The Military Cabinet has reliable and well-informed agents abroad in the military *attachés* at the German embassies and legations. A military *attaché* may be held at arm's length by a foreign War Office, but he has freedom of movement in that he never ranks as a diplomat, although he may move just in that military circle from which the monarch mostly draws his friends.

It seems certain that since the Morocco affair—and even before then, for Chauvinism in the Prussian army is traditional—military circles have been watching with growing unrest the failure of Germany's diplomacy to hold its ground against the other European nations. The desire to substitute the mailed fist for the velvet glove was almost natural. Here is a vast piece of mechanism, every part well oiled and lubricated, awaiting but a turn of a handle to set it running. The advantages of "armed peace" are indeed counteracted by the burdens of militarism when that militarism chafes itself sore under the yoke of peace. What alarmed German military circles most particularly was the news that General French and Admiral Fisher were to accompany King Edward to

Reval. There were some grounds for this disquietude, inasmuch as no satisfactory explanation of this highly significant step was vouchsafed or obtained either in Russia or in England. In military and political circles one war rumor followed on the heels of the other. Old stagers recalled the visit of the Italian General Govone to Berlin in 1868, which visit was followed by the outbreak of the Italo-Austrian war six weeks later. And, as the *Kölnische Volkszeitung* pointed out, the pessimists believed that French and Fisher were going to draw up with Russia a common war plan against Germany, whereby the British Fleet would make a diversion in the Baltic and support the Russian operations on land. The *crise de nerfs* had begun. One may be allowed to point out that the source from which the alleged text of the Döberitz speech emanated must have been a military one, since only officers heard it, and that the agency which sent it to the Press was one devoted to the reporting of military matters and conducted by an ex-Guards officer, who himself has doubtless often attended field days at Döberitz.

Before turning the leaf on this affair and laying it with the rest in the bulky volume labelled "Anglo-German Indiscretions," there is one more point. It concerns the remarkably interesting semi-official utterance "The Political Situation," which recently graced the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, from the pen of Prince Bülow. There was no apparent need for anything further to be said about the matter since the *Kölnische Zeitung* had after one or two contradictory statements hit upon the version of the Kaiserrede which most people were prepared to accept. But it was forgotten that the Foreign Office had to justify itself. Ever since the conclusion of the Anglo-Russian treaty the German Government has in the most correct fashion announced in the

domestic and foreign Press that she regarded the situation calmly and welcomed the peaceful assurances contained in the Reval toasts. But suddenly there comes from the Emperor's lips this challenge: "Let them all come on," the climax of a speech redolent of patriotic ardor. Nor have people here forgotten that it was William II who publicly proclaimed that he would tolerate no pessimists, and that they could clear out of Germany as soon as they liked. So Prince Bülow dipped his pen in the ink and drafted the *Norddeutsche* article, which, read in the above light, does all credit to that master of finesse. The *communiqué* really did its work thoroughly. After supporting the monarch by a mysterious reference to the difficult diplomatic relations which would be necessary to solve pending political questions, it proceeds to divert attention from the main issue by recounting a series of absurd canards about nefarious plans laid to Germany's credit, and then censures the "lust for sensation" displayed in

The Outlook.

Germany itself. In the concluding paragraph, with its apt quotation without which no Bülow *chef d'œuvre* would be complete, the Chancellor rattles the sabre a little to conciliate the military party—and the trick is done. One section of the Press regards the semi-official *exposé* as proof that the government will not allow itself to fall into a "dangerous optimism" concerning affairs abroad; the other acclaims the energetic manner in which the aspersions cast on Germany's foreign policy are rejected, and again, another is glad that the sensation-mongers at home have had their knuckles rapped. On the Bourse, as the result of the warlike passages in the article, Prussian Consols had the execrable taste to fall, and their deplorable example was followed by the Three per Cent. Imperial Loan. Also the attitude adopted towards the article abroad did not rise above surprised amusement. But then an Imperial Chancellor cannot please everybody.

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## CONTEMPORARY FASHION.

There is a little volume, precious to all students of fashion, which gives pictures of women's dress for 100 years, beginning in 1794. It is called "*un Siècle de modes féminines*"; there is very little letterpress, but what there is is to the point in the admirable French way, each definite period of a particular fashion being described along with the salient characteristics of the type of the woman who wore it. Thus we are reminded of the relaxed morals and manners of the Directory, when in Paris "balls were permanent institutions and young girls of 12 went to them unaccompanied," a thing peculiarly shocking to the French mind; while for the morning walk women

wore so little covering that it is a wonder they could bear the cold. All the fashions were "*à la Prêtresse*," or "*à la Galatée*," although the antique virtues had not been adopted with the classical costumes.

Bonaparte's firm hand told on clothes as well as on manners. France, with the reorganization of her laws, came back to her normal sanity, and decency once more was observed in women's dresses during the consulate, although the period of clinging garments and damped muslins went on for some years. Then came a new phase, and from 1805 to 1814, roughly speaking from Trafalgar to Waterloo, "fashions varied in Paris from one week to

another with such delicate shades of change that it is impossible to seize them."

This brief comment on the early fashions of the 19th century has a particular interest for us just now, because the same might be said of Paris fashions for the last few years, although we, in England, who do not follow the fashions closely, have not been aware of the constant variation of style and detail. An Englishwoman does not think about her dress with the same zest and concentration as her Parisian sister. A few times a year she asks what the fashion is, and adopts, without analysis or arrangement, whatever her dressmaker provides: During the rest of the time, she is heedless of the continued ebbing and flowing of new ideas or fanciful revivals which are always going on in Paris, where the close collaboration of dressmakers with their clients produces that wonderful and inimitable person, the well-dressed Frenchwoman. Still, even if Englishwomen are careless about clothes, there are moments of the year when they think about them. Ascot, now just over, marks a date for all of us, and the great social function at Windsor on Saturday provided an opportunity for us to show how far we really understand how to dress for that very English institution, a garden party. At Windsor, as at Ascot, there was a great divergency of styles between the few women who have lately been to Paris and those who have bought their clothes in London. For London, always behind Paris, has dropped absolutely to the rear in the last few months, so that to go from England to France this summer is to travel into a strange country, as far as dress is concerned, and this is because Paris, after years of indecision, has plunged into a complete revolution of style. The fact is that a great campaign has been raging

in the French capital for years to decide whether the prim elegance of the pre-Revolution or the flowing abandonment of the Directory were to prevail in women's clothes. Worth, that great captain of dressmaking, led the army of the old *régime*, while the brilliant sisters Callot have been the Prince Ruperts of the new party. The contest has been long and bitter, the ground has been fought over inch by inch a dozen times, the field is strewn with the *débris* of all the exploded fashions of the last ten years. At the end, the Callots and their distinguished brothers-in-arms are completely and absolutely victorious. The fight has been a tremendous affair, worthy of an epic in blank verse at least, and quite beyond the modest pen of a mere chronicler of fashion. Still, we may salute the victors and the conquered with impartial admiration, and we may note that, like the old guard who died but never surrendered, the formalist party does not own itself to be beaten. For one of their leaders, when he was asked whether he yielded to the prevalent mania for undress, said with an explosion of feeling, "*Moi, je n'habille que des dames!*"

Well, all the same, Paris has, in spite of Monsieur — taken the plunge. She has resolved to return to Nature and the simple life, and a most surprising thing it is to see Parisian women making the experiment. Of course they are so thorough that they begin at the beginning, and that in clothes means the figure. They are all thin and none of them have any waists; it is a very comfortable fashion and, for naturally slight women, very pretty. There are, as might be expected, great exaggerations, tight underskirts, with a mermaid outline, in which the limbs cannot move freely, costumes of which the solitary undergarment is of pink stockingette, with the dress, transparent also, draped over

It; but only extremists wear these. The average Frenchwoman shows her usual taste and keeps within bounds. At the same time she is amusing herself enormously, just now, by going in for an absolutely new kind of appearance. One cannot say dress only, for everything is changed and the dress seems the least part of the revolution.

Does this fundamental change of fashion show any deeper change in the mind of society? Will manners be affected by the alteration in women's looks, or is this sartorial revolution itself only a sign of changing habits? It is difficult to say. Certainly the French Revolution carried away, among other things, the usual coverings for a woman's person, and in 1789 the return to Nature is supposed to have eliminated many social restraints. But this latter-day "return to Nature" is a very artificial affair, and has had as its originators Callot and Doucet and not that formidable sentimentalist, Jean Jacques Rousseau. In England it may become permanently popular among the advocates of sanitary dress and plain living and high thinking, but it is difficult to believe that "society" as such will be affected, either for the better or for the worse, by the return to the Classical *cum* Directory style of dress.

One thing is certain, however much the fashion may turn towards undress. Our life nowadays is spent so much in travelling and in the open air that we must have warm clothes for every day wear, and we cannot go about, as our great grandmothers did, in damped muslins and sandals. Certainly Englishwomen will never allow any fashion to alter their style of winter dressing, at any rate as far as materials go, although they will be glad, no doubt, to avail themselves of the immense ease of the loosely cut jackets and the large waists which come to us from France.

There is another thing besides our general indifference to rapid changes of fashion and our restless habits which helps to keep us conservative in England with regard to fashions. We have a Court, and, as far as dress goes, a conservative Court. Her Majesty the Queen, the most beautiful woman of three generations, has always been admirably dressed. The only way in which she has not identified herself with the English people is that she has never become careless about her appearance or her clothes. She has, at the same time, never followed the fashions slavishly, and has always worn the dresses most suited to her own type. She has also preserved many of the fashions in her *entourage*, which might otherwise have been lost. For instance, the old social law that no married woman could go to any afternoon function except in a bonnet has in recent years been modified to the unwritten rule which prescribes toques at Royal functions. On ceremonial occasions the Queen and the Princess of Wales, with their ladies-in-waiting, always wear toques or very small hats. The picture hat has not invaded the Royal circle except for unmarried women. This conservatism preserves a certain wholesome continuity of dress among the ladies of the Court; and their reserved style of dressing gives a great distinction to functions where there is a tendency among many women to overdress. Indeed, last year at the Windsor garden party, when the weather was alternately showery and gusty, and unhappy women in huge hats looked as if they were going to cry, people could not help thinking that the guests who had followed the old custom and who were wearing toques or small hats, were better dressed than those who were battling with gigantic headgear.

After all, the mark of good dressing is suitability both to the occasion and

to the wearer; and nothing but the most careful thought will decide how each individual should be dressed and on what occasions she should wear her different dresses. Above all, what accessories should accompany the gown, and what relation the hat, parasol, shoes, and gloves should bear to it.

*The Times.*

Whatever the fashions are, nothing will ever look right unless taste is brought into play to modify or accentuate, according to the individual wearer's style and personality, the prevailing shapes or colors. These are trite sayings, but they are often forgotten.

### THE CONVERSATION OF COLERIDGE.

The wisdom of Coleridge, in politics as in criticism, has of late been obscured, and we note with a sincere pleasure the many proofs that he is regaining the respect of intelligent readers. The fact that he ever lost this respect was due rather to a caprice of fashion than to any demerit of his own. He survived his own activities. At the end his slavery to opium overshadowed the splendor of his verse and the clarity of his thought. A child of the eighteenth century, he won a general fame only when his grasp of life and facts was weakening. Carlyle pictures him sitting upon Highgate Hill, "as a kind of Magnus, girt in mystery and enigma; his Dodona oak-grove [Mr. Gillman's house] whispering strange things, uncertain whether oracles or jargon." And it is thus, in a "dusky sublime character," that he descended to our generation. Those who had not read him "remembered only his 'object' and 'subject,' which (they had heard) he sang and snuffled into 'om-m-ject' and 'sum-m-ject.'" And none was more keenly conscious than himself of the wrong impression which his serious eloquence gave to others. "Coleridge! Coleridge!" he murmurs in self-reproof, "will you never learn to appropriate your conversation to your company?" This lesson Coleridge never learned. For his conversation a listener was a sad necessity, which was never permitted to interrupt

the torrent of speech. With a fury of imagination, he refused to be a party in a dialogue. He persisted in monopolizing the talk, though none condemned the indiscretion more bitterly than he. With a full knowledge of his foible, he went to his doom. He was sure that a man of genius in society should be silent, except upon the most trivial subjects, otherwise the world will say, "He is quite intolerable; might as well be hearing a sermon." This is precisely what the world did say; and because the world said it, the world has wantonly deprived itself for a while of the beauty of Coleridge's words, of the wisdom of his mind.

And yet had it not disturbed the vanity of his interlocutors, Coleridge's talk would always have appeared the ultimate achievement of a virtuoso. From the very first his discourse was inspired. On this point the most diverse witnesses give the same testimony. Says Gunning, Esquire Bedell in the University of Cambridge, for whom Coleridge was nothing more than Coleridge of Jesus: "Coleridge was an excellent classical scholar; he affected a peculiar style in conversation, and his language was very poetical. An instance has at this moment occurred to me. Speaking of the dinners in Hall, he described the veal which was served up to them (and which was large and coarse) in the following words: 'We have veal, sir, tottering on the verge

of beef.'"<sup>1</sup> There we have the plain prose of the gossip. Now listen to the dithyrambles of the enthusiast: "We parted at the six-mile stone," says Hazlitt on his first acquaintance with Coleridge, "and I returned home pensive but much pleased. I had met with unexpected notice from a person, whom I believed to have been prejudiced against me. 'Kind and affable had been his condescension, and should be honored ever with suitable regard.' He was the first poet I had known, and he certainly answered to that inspired name. I had heard a great deal of his powers of conversation, and was not disappointed. In fact, I never met with any thing at all like them, either before or since. I could easily credit the accounts which were circulated of his holding forth to a large party of ladies and gentlemen, an evening or two before, on the Berkleian Theory, when he made the whole material universe look like a transparency of fine words. . . . On my way back, I had a sound in my ears, it was the voice of fancy. I had a light before me, it was the face of Poetry. The one still lingers there, the other has not quitted my side." And to this enthusiasm Hazlitt was ever constant. The passage of the years, the acrimony of politics, widened the gulf which lay between him and Coleridge. Yet he never forgot that first moment when "Poetry and Philosophy had met together." And Hazlitt's praise is echoed by De Quincey, no keen admirer of his fellows. He, too, knew Coleridge at the outset of his career; he, too, heard him discourse, when his talk was like the talk of angels. He compares him to some great river, the Orellana or the St. Lawrence, sweeping "into a continuous strain of eloquent dissertation, certainly the most novel, the most finely illustrated, and travers-

ing the most specious fields of thought, by transitions the most just and logical that it was possible to conceive." But it was Lamb, who knew and loved him best, that most splendidly celebrates his gift. "Great in his writing," wrote Lamb after his friend's death, "he was greatest in his conversation. In him was disproved the old maxim that we should allow every one his share of talk. He would talk from morn to dewy eve, nor cease till far midnight; yet who would ever interrupt him? Who would obstruct that continuous flow of converse, fetched from Helicon or Zion?"

But talk does not confer an enduring fame. The perfect harmony of brain and tongue, the quick flash of the eye, are lost, when the tongue is still and the eye closed. We know nothing of the old talkers. We can give but a faint image of those whom we have heard ourselves. We may know what this or that great man said. But the essence of talk lies not in the statement. The Table-talk of Coleridge, admirable as it is, has been freely translated into print before it is presented to our judgment. We recognize the manifold wisdom of the poet. We acknowledge the wide range of his interest, his quick faculty of saying the right thing in the right words. But it is no longer talk. The zeal and patience of Henry Nelson Coleridge, who wrote down what he could of the poet's burning words, are indisputable. His failure to give a living impression is confessed. As he says himself, "Who could always follow to the turning-point his arrow-flights of thought?" Nevertheless, allowing for the difference of medium, we may appreciate the intelligence of the discourse, even though the style and tone escape. Whatever Coleridge touches, be it politics or literature, he illuminates with a flash of original insight. He spoke from a fully stored mind, and after

<sup>1</sup> Sir George Trevelyan has made excellent use of this phrase in his "Horace at Athens."



mature thought. Only the spark which set the brain alight was accidental. Who would not give a written masterpiece to have struck out in conversation such a discovery as this: "Swift was *anima Rabelaisii habitans in sicco*, the soul of Rabelais dwelling in a dry place"? In what better terms could the whole question of economics be answered than Coleridge answered it in familiar converse. "You talk," said he, "of making this article cheaper by reducing its price from 8d. to 6d. But suppose, in so doing, you have rendered your country weaker against a foreign foe; suppose you have demoralized thousands of your fellow-countrymen, and have sown discontent between one class of society and another, your article is tolerably dear, I take it, after all. Is not its real price enhanced to every Christian and patriot a hundred-fold?" Indeed it is, and if only we could persuade our Ministers of this simple truth, we should hear no more noisy appeals to the cupidity of the People, whose ambition soars higher, in spite of the demagogues, than a cheap loaf, easy pensions, and the remission of all taxes. Perhaps the voice of Peckham will prove more persuasive than the voice of reason.

Coleridge's eloquent conversation has not increased his fame. It has impeded it. Lamb's good-natured jest, that he never heard Coleridge do anything else than preach, has given him the character of a bore with those who have not troubled to read his exquisite verse and his noble prose. Carlyle's "om-m-ject" and "sum-m-ject" have done their work. They have for many years thrown a cold shadow across Coleridge's glory, which is only just emerging again into the sunlight. It is no longer the fashion, as it was some time since, to find excuses for Coleridge,—to regret that he did not regard his study as an office in which it was

his business to turn out literature every day from ten to four. Never again shall we follow Mr. Traill in complaining of his "failure." Never again shall we admit irrelevantly that "his character was wanting in manliness of fibre." A wiser spirit now prevails. We accept in gratitude the generous gift of harmony and wisdom which Coleridge gave us, and we accept it in as many shapes as possible. If reprints and appreciations are a proper index of respect, as we believe they are, then truly Coleridge has come into his kingdom. Here, on the one hand, is a scholarly edition of the "*Biographia Literaria*," published at the Clarendon Press, and equipped with an erudite and lucid introduction by Mr. J. Shawcross. There, on the other, is a new edition of his "*Poems*," with Mr. Quiller-Couch's eloquent paean of praise by way of preface. And if only we had a handy edition of his political articles, which differ from their kind in being worth preservation, there would be nothing left to ask of the resurrectionists.

It is characteristic of Coleridge that he was not only a man of genius. He possessed in full abundance the humbler gift of talent. Unlike Wordsworth, he could stoop, and stoop like a master. He was a leader-writer of rapidity and resource. So highly was his exposition of politics valued, that he was offered a half share in two papers in exchange for his services. Writing many years after their collaboration, Stuart of "*The Morning Post*" told Henry Nelson Coleridge that, "could Coleridge and I place ourselves thirty years back, and he be so far a man of business as to write three or four hours a-day, there is nothing I would not pay for his assistance. I would take him into partnership, and I would enable him to make a large fortune." His opinions were in general sound and always

patriotic. A fierce anti-Jacobin, he was unjust to Pitt, partly through a necessary ignorance of the facts, and partly because Pitt did not answer to his demand for an ornamental rhetorician. But he was always the loyal champion of his country, and he was persuaded in a retrospect that "The Morning Post" was a far more useful ally to the Government in its most important objects than if it had been the avowed eulogist of Mr. Pitt. There is no one with an experience of politics and journals who will not accept this view. And being a Nationalist, Coleridge was a consistent supporter of the Corn Laws. As we have seen, his clear sight looked beyond the immediate advantage of cheapness. He brushed aside the arguments of the bagman, which were afterwards advanced by Cobden and his friends with fatal effect. Echoes of his conversation, recorded in 1834, deserve to be heard to-day wherever the question of Free Imports is discussed. "Those who argue that England may safely depend upon a supply of foreign corn," said he, "if it grow none or an insufficient quantity of its own, forget that they are subjugating the necessities of life itself to the mere luxuries or comforts of society. . . . Besides this, the argument supposes that agriculture is not a positive good to the nation, taken in and by itself, which supposition is false and pernicious." Has not the event proved the justice of his sentiment? And again, said he: "The nation that cannot even exist without the commodity of another nation is in effect the slave of that other nation." In brief, "the entire tendency of the modern or Malthusian political economy is to denationalize. It would dig up the charcoal foundations of Ephesus to burn as fuel for a steam-engine."

Unfortunately for us, Coleridge abandoned politics for philosophy, and

spent many years in metaphysical speculation. Being of a sanguine temper, he believed that he might regenerate the world with a definition, and much of his "Biographia Literaria" seems to us to-day an idle sifting of the sand. Still more do we regret his desertion of letters, for Coleridge was far greater as poet and artist than as philosopher. His discussion of Hartley and Kant is Barren stuff when we set it side by side with a single stanza of "The Ancient Mariner," whose lyrical note, as Mr. Couch finely says, "was incommunicable. He bequeathed it to none, and before him no poet had approached it; hardly even Shakespeare, on the harp of Ariel." And putting his imperishable masterpiece aside, we would not exchange one quick impression of sight or sound, confided to his notebooks, for all his ingenious speculations of philosophy. "The sea is like a night-sky," he wrote, looking out upon the Mediterranean from Malta, and in a moment bids you forget that Klopstock ever lived. Or again he tells you that he could walk over the plain of Marathon without taking more interest in it than in any plain of similar features; that he was "one who lived not *in time* at all—past, present, or future—but beside or collaterally." And instantly he seizes your attention; you reflect upon the irony of fate, which forced this man, for whom no place of thing held a sacred association, to be linked eternally with a corner of England, which, with Wordsworth's help and in his own despite, he has converted into a tea-garden of culture. It is for this, then, that we shall always esteem him most highly, that he was a weaver of strange and beautiful fancies, a builder of noble sentences, the author of two or three wonderful poems, which we do not measure by their length, but at the freshness of whose invention, the perfection of whose music, the world will ever

stand in amaze. And we cannot do better, in taking leave of Coleridge, than quote the passage which concludes his "*Anima Poetæ*," and which bears the superscription, "*The Night is at Hand. August 1, 1828*": "*The sweet prattle of the chimes—counsellors pleading in the Court of Love—then the clock, the solemn sentence of the mighty judge—long pause between each pregnant, inappellable word, too*

*Blackwood's Magazine.*

deeply weighed to be reversed in the High-Justice-Court of Time and Fate. A more richly solemn sound than this eleven o'clock at Antwerp I never heard—dead enough to be opaque as central gold, yet clear enough to be the mountain air." Is there not in this noble passage of prose the same deep mystery, the same organ-voiced harmony, which haunt us in his noblest verse?

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### THE ART OF COMPLIMENT.

During the last few generations the cultivated world has lost something of its frank appetite for praise. Dr. Johnson's acquaintance who made a living by writing flattering dedications and selling them for a fee to literary aspirants would be unemployed to-day. Ready-made compliments do not please the majority. We have become incredulous. Doubts about our own talents and virtues are easily aroused. We cannot enjoy flattery unless the flatterer can persuade us, if not that we merit his encomium, at least that he means it; and we cannot give strong praise unless we can persuade ourselves that it is more or less deserved. Bribery and servility, of course, exist; but they are at a discount among the educated. A former generation were like schoolboys. The upper classes could swallow any kind of sweet thing with which the literary pastrycooks of their day could present them. The more luscious it was the better they liked it and the more highly they paid for it. What the great ask for and accept becomes acceptable in a lower class. In many ways speech was rougher than it is now. An age of compliments was also an age of insolence, and perhaps extremes of bitterness and sweetness in some degree counteract one another. Nowadays we

have become more refined. We could not stand the blows, nor stomach the praise, of the past. Flattery which we perceive to be flattery covers us with confusion,—unless, indeed, we belong to very conspicuous places in the world, and the sugary offering is wrapped in a newspaper.

No doubt the times have changed for the better. With inevitable intervals for reaction, the times always do. Yet there was something to be said for the frankness of another day. We all profess so much unconsciousness now, and the profession is something of a sham. The great are still conscious of their rank, the rich of their power, the gifted of their talents, and all but very good people of their virtues. They are more than ever anxious to be reassured as to the real worth of all these advantages. So many disturbing doubts have lately been instilled into the public mind. Have they a right to their money? Most rich men are conscientiously convinced that they have, but the atmosphere is full of questions, and confirmation is agreeable even to the convinced. Is there anything real at the back of the notion of birth? All highly born people, and very many others, think that there is a great deal, but the matter is, as every one admits, arguable.

Talent is commoner than it used to be, and its degrees are matters of opinion. As to virtue, an uncomfortable idea is gaining ground that men must be judged by the amount of good they do rather than the harm they leave undone. Altogether, we are all as anxious as ever for polite assurances, only we cannot accept just any sort. "How great and manly in your Lordship is your contempt for popular applause," Dryden wrote to Lord Sheffield,—a sentence which could no longer be written by any literary man to any Lord in creation. The recipient would laugh, though he might still like to have the idea more delicately conveyed to him. A noble Lord of to-day who read a dedication beginning: "I fear it may be considered a boast rather than an acknowledgment to say that I have received the highest honors from the Lord T—," would think that a begging-letter had been, by a printer's error, substituted for a preface. Snobbishness has taken new forms. Society has, at least in theory, been democratized. Moral monopolies are claimed no longer. We are all sure, whoever we are, that we have as much right as any one to all the gifts and all the virtues, and, in theory at least, do not think them unbecoming in any one. The following complimentary epitaph written by the poet Thomson for the tomb of a great lady would be nowadays impossible. She possessed, we read, "virtues which in her sex and station were all that could be practised, and more than will be believed"! We hear a good deal to-day about the antagonism between the sexes; but no one would venture to suggest that the greatest even of the preeminently masculine virtues was "unbelievable" in a woman, and no one regards any virtue as quite impracticable (or unseemly) even in a Duchess.

Genius, of course, can always rise above fashion. The fashion of ex-

travagant praise could not mar the beauty of Ben Jonson's poems. "Drink to me only with thine eyes" has not lost a ray of lustre in three hundred years, nor have the beautiful verses which Ben Jonson wrote to Lucy, Countess of Bedford telling her how he had imagined a perfect heroine—

I meant to make her fair and free and wise,  
Of greatest blood, and yet more good than great.  
I meant the day star should not brighter rise,  
Nor lend like effluence from his lucent seat.  
I meant she should be courteous, facile, sweet,  
Hating that solemn vice of greatness, pride—

and then declaring that he has found his ideal in his patroness.

There is still an art of compliment, and it is still practised worthily and unworthily. The flatterer of to-day deals little in words. He acts, and, above all, he imitates. We all imitate each other with a pitiful diligence. All classes try to dress alike, talk alike, and even think alike. With a sad want of dignity, men and women fear to take their own line,—to show the kind of hospitality which best befits their incomes, to wear the clothes most convenient for their work, to talk upon the subjects which interest them, to express the disapprovals which the class above them ridicule, and the admirations which offend the fashion-leaders of literature and art. Where the many are thus influenced by the fashion of imitation, it is not wonderful that the few become flatterers. Clinging to individuals who are, as they think, above them, they study to please by all permissible means, find new methods of offering incense, and by copying closely proclaim their sense of their models' perfection.

The art of compliment may, however, be well worth the study of all those who value the pleasantness of life above its pleasures. Graciousness is never out of fashion. We must tell our friends from time to time what we think of them. There are reserves which blight the whole beauty of life. But we must be at the pains to tell them in the right way, for friendship in some of its aspects is an art. Again, if we hope to get much enjoyment out of social life we must take the trouble to show ourselves well disposed, and must know how to turn indifferent and insignificant occasions to account. This cannot be done without consideration. A "pretty speech" is a form of present, one of those little gifts which, according to the French

*The Spectator.*

saying, cement great friendships; and when one desires to make a present it is worth while to try to find out what will best please. They are happiest who know by instinctive sympathy, but surely those who take pains to find out have nothing to be ashamed of. Setting aside the great essentials of happiness, health, family affection, and the love of work, it is probable that nothing—no amusement and no hobby and no "pursuit"—contributes so much to the pleasantness of life as the traffic in kind speeches. It may become an affectation or even an insincerity, but as long as it is kept within due limits by the allied spirits of frankness and common-sense, it makes for peace, good-fellowship, and contentment, and is part of the art of life.

### BAREFOOT.

A good many savants and doctors have preached the virtue of bare feet at various times. But it is futile work. Barefoot is a convention for the extreme of poverty and wretchedness; the suggestion that it is comfortable in the present and healthful in the future is waved aside as a grotesque contradiction not worth notice. Some years ago indeed it did gain acceptance for a while. Barefoot children might be seen occasionally, and sandals were almost common. But it was fashion rather than conviction which tempted parents to adopt so bold an eccentricity; anyhow, it has nearly vanished. Before the Revolution, however, the great French Doctor Alphonse Leroy pointed out that young children always rid themselves of any covering on their feet, if able; and he concluded that they obey an instinct of which wise parents should take heed. Every one who has to do with babies makes the same observation now, but mothers seem only to conclude that the coverings should be attached in such man-

ner that they cannot be slipped off. The action is due simply to that love of mischief, or "contrariness," which is the leading characteristic of children. We have learned, however—those who read and think, at any rate—that a baby has instincts and powers beyond our comprehension, beyond belief sometimes if they were not proved; as, for example, that of clinging to a stick and supporting the whole weight of the body thus for as much as two and a half minutes when but an hour old. It was Dr. Louis Robinson who observed this astonishing feat, which every parent can verify. Leroy supposed that an instinctive consciousness of the value of fresh air to the feet leads children to kick off their shoes. Very likely. It is worth note that Lycurgus forbade the covering of boys' or girls' feet in any way before the age of puberty. Whether Lycurgus ever lived does not matter; no one disputes that the laws attributed to him were of immemorial antiquity, and we are of those who devoutly believe in the wis-

dom of the ancients in matters of this kind.

But it is not only babies who long to feel the air about their feet. The same impulse moves every one of us, though we have learned to submit. It asserts itself nightly when we remove our boots, often with an audible sigh of relief. Even though they are old and easy, it is pleasant to be rid of them. Slippers are necessary for comfort, large ones too, which admit the air. Of all our unreasonable articles of dress none defies the laws of nature so openly as boots. Sir Henry Thompson declared, in a lecture given some twenty years ago, that most of the constitutional ailments which afflict us in age take their origin in the practice of casing the feet with leather material, almost impervious, in youth. Few heeded the warning apparently, for one sees children in shoes, and even boots, at an earlier and still earlier age.

The fashion noted some years ago of going barefoot or in sandals may have been started by Father Kneipp. One hears little of this Bavarian priest since his death, but they do not forget him on the Continent. There is a vast building, perhaps more than one, at Worishöfen, where his system is still followed. But the edition of his pamphlet which we possess is the fiftieth, printed in 1888, and it is an English translation; we may speculate on the numbers of the German original.

*The Saturday Review.*

For thirty or forty years Father Kneipp had been revered in his own country as a semi-inspired healer before the world heard of him; then he cured an Imperial personage, and forthwith his renown spread from New York to St. Petersburg, if not from China to Peru. But the treatment was as simple as could be. Avowedly it sought to restore "the natural conditions of human life," a process which in effect meant "hardening" by the affliction of cold water at unusual and unexpected moments, and, above all, going barefoot. Notable processions there used to be at early morning, when Imperial and Royal Highnesses, princes and millionaires, male and female, tramped without shoes and stockings through the grass-grown village street. If there had been a fall of snow they had special reason to congratulate themselves, and the exercise was prolonged. When the grass dried, after breakfast, they took a wholesome promenade on flagstones continually sluiced with water. No small proportion of the most distinguished personages of Europe went through this ordeal daily for a month or two, or even six, and all agreed apparently that release from the tyranny of leather for that time had cured them as by miracle. "Oh, what a good law it would be," cried Mansfield Parkyns, after thirty years in Abyssinia, "that should forbid the use of shoes and stockings all over the world!"

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## BOOKS AND AUTHORS

"Not too much" is the lesson which Miss Helen M. Winslow's "Spinster Farm" is intended to teach to the woman enticed to vain endeavor to do everything done by her friends, but it is no place of inactivity to which the book guides its heroine, a tired writer, but a charming home in which the telephone and the United States Post Office make it possible for her to do her

own proper work, entirely indifferent to that done by others. In her case, the indifference is strengthened by the presence in the background of a lover anxious, in spite of her fifty years, to relieve her of all the drudgery of maintaining existence by marrying her. Like the heroine of Miss Sarah Hammond Palfrey's excellent Atlantic story, "Katharine Morne," she hesitates be-



cause fancying herself still held by the spell of young love, but, in like manner, she is cured by a sight of the beloved object in his later estate of stupid vulgarity, and she yields to her lover in the end and Spinster Farm has no longer a right to its name. The book abounds in pleasant humor unmingled with malice, and in lightly touched pictures of country pleasures. A second love story is told in passing hints, and the book is illustrated by reproduced photographs showing an enticing house, and woods and grounds so fascinating that they would woo Wall street itself to leave the city and fly to their pleasant joys. L. C. Page & Co.

The fairy-tales of science include none more wonderful than that which Mr. Herbert N. Casson tells in "The Romance of the Reaper," a small volume containing the story of what the author, with no modesty whatsoever, calls the most useful business in the world. Occasionally, there is no reason for modesty, and the telling of this story is one of the occasions. It is a much longer tale than city-bred men dream, including more than three-quarters of a century, for it began in 1831, and in Virginia of all States of the Union, and it is composed of minor stories of wondrous machines and wonderful inventors, and of quarrels and contests that raged in the fields, and, transferred to the market-place, convulsed nations. The tale has been so confused with the selling and buying and speculating, that its real significance has never come home to the average man and it is good that it is now set forth in Mr. Casson's enthusiastic, almost joyous, way rather than in the lugubrious, sentimental fashion in which the mercantile side has been treated by American would-be Zolas. Why should it not be joyous? It tells why bread is cheap, thanks to machines that make the employment of slave labor a luxury, and

of the men who have made and worked these machines, only one was really trained in finance. The business has grown naturally in wholesome ways and diffusing a wholesome influence and ending that period of discontent, during which the farmer seemed almost a dangerous element among workers. This is a book to be given to boys and to be bought by men for their own use, and to give them cheering assurance that the national prosperity still flourishes. Doubleday, Page & Co.

Americans who raged over the tragic absurdities of 1898, and Britons humiliated by the extravagant failures in South Africa should find consolation in M. E. K. Nofjine's "The Truth about Port Arthur." Some things went wrong in Cuba, at Tampa, in the Philippines, in Natal; nothing went right in Port Arthur. If Sir William Gilbert had created some of the officers they could not have been more ridiculous, and no diabolical agency could have made them more murderous of their countrymen, or more mischievous to their country. The book was published in Russia last year, and it was followed by the indictment based on war-office investigations of certain officers of whom the author had been the first to tell the whole truth. He was a properly accredited war correspondent, and was present throughout the siege, but at that time frankness would have been as treasonable as reticence would now be. The greatest enemy at Port Arthur was within the citadel, and although it may be that Japan would have conquered in any event there seems to be ample room for doubt. A train load of wounded delayed for hours, that rifles might be issued to them; soldiers imperatively needed in the field sent back to the base of supplies in order to change their tunics for others of greater military correctness; plans for secret move-

ments revealed to Chinese shopkeepers; batteries so posted as to be perfectly innocuous to the enemy but fatal to fellow soldiers; supplies sent away in tons from a besieged place; a telephone service designed for use in action and worse managed than a line conducted entirely by Jenny Birdie and their sisters; tents offered as hospitals in the dead of winter; regiments dying of scurvy with fresh meat and flour within reach! These are a few in the enormous list of military mortal sins enumerated by M. Nojue. The admirable, superb, Russian soldier appears all the better for his endurance of his wrongs, but it were better that his perfection had been less manifest than that it should have been so exhibited. The book is instructive reading, but nothing so exasperating has appeared since the passionate revelations of the Union hospitals in early civil war days, and of Andersonville. Time showed that in those cases there was some excuse for the apparently guilty. May it be equally kind in the case of Port Arthur! E. P. Dutton & Co.

One is never more inclined to believe in the sincerity of those magazine editors who proclaim the impossibility of obtaining good original poetry to fill the crannies between their fiction and their serious prose, than after observing the very mild and tenuous quality of the verse with which they occupy these spaces, but still there are genuine poets among the young writers, and one of them is Mr. Arthur Colton, whose "Harps Hung up in Babylon" but now appears although promised for last year. It is a little book, of the size which Mr. Newbolt and Mr. Noyes affect in England, but it contains but few things which the author will care to discard a score of years hence, when he may begin to issue "Complete" editions, and it demands attention for its merit in

three distinct species of work. The preliminary verses, beginning "The harps hung up in Babylon" indicate a reaction against that school of verse which for some years so audibly proclaimed itself soulless and sung the praise of sensuousness. "West-East-erly Moralities" includes five Oriental apologues and court tales, and four poems questioning life and time in Western fashion. "To Faustine" is a group of songs, transpositions of classic themes, and seven sonnets, three of which entitled "The Roman Way" are the most significant things in the book. The reader perceives almost with the reading of the first page that Mr. Colton limits himself, sometimes by his choice of literary form, sometimes by the adoption of an Oriental theme, to a certain sententiousness, an austerity of phrase, perfectly consonant with fastidious choice and arrangement of words, but far apart from the languid and languorous beauty affected not so long ago by so many of the younger authors. Between Tennyson, whom he evidently loves, and Henley, whom he sometimes resembles in manner without showing a touch of his bitterness of spirit, he steers a middle way; he is manly, but not violent; deeply moral, but not narrowly Puritanical. In his Oriental verse, he turns the quick rejoinder and retort most admirably. His songs in the seventeenth century manner are very nearly perfect, although it may be that they overwork the word "silken"; but it is his expression of the reactionary spirit of humility which marks him as a genuine exponent of the spirit of the hour. After the honest doubt of Clough, the Epicureanism of the next generation, now comes the day of manly reverence. Humor, fancy, delight in all things beautiful still endure, but they occupy their proper subordinate place, as in Mr. Colton's volume. Henry Holt & Co.